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FROM THE TOMB.

Guarding His Own Grave---Strange Mystery of Grayledge---A Startling Solution of a Baffling Problem.

By ANNIE L. SMITH.

CHAPTER I.

A gray old church, its massive stone walls nearly hidden by the ivy that crept even across the tiny, diamond-shaped panes of the narrow windows, tossing its slender tendrils in green pennons across to the very base of the belfry tower.

For many years than the "oldest inhabitant" of the village could remember, the old church had stood, for it had been built prior to the breaking out of the war of the Revolution, as the carving on the granite front of the ancient pulpit bore witness—1770.

Even the square pews, each capacious enough to seat a family of the goodly size in vogue with our ancestors, had remained, just as they were when the tomahawk of the savage had hacked and seamed the heavy, wooden shutters at the windows, and rained showers of blows upon the iron-spiked door, which still guarded the entrance. The ancient shutters had been removed to the belfry-tower, where they lay, worm-eaten and dust-encrusted, but that was the only innovation, if we except the addition of the organ in the gallery which had been added within a few years.

The marble christening-bowl inside the altar-rail was nearly as much discolored as the headstones in the churchyard, and the whole bore dates to correspond with the one on the pulpit-face.

"I shall long remember this vacation—like the place to drowse in and muse of the long-ago. No tragedy could ever come to this quiet spot, the very abode of Peace—I can almost fancy I hear the dull tramp of the ancient sentinel-man, as he paced up and down this broad aisle, and in thought I can see the long wand with the bare's foot attached, with which he rapped the hard heads of irreverent youths, or tickled the noses of sleeping dames," soliloquized Rupert Gordon, as he sauntered slowly up the broad aisle, peering curiously at the narrow panes of glass in their setting of leaded sash.

"Heigh-ho!" he yawned, "it seems scarcely possible that such a venerable building can be found in the very heart of New England, and within twenty miles of the busy, bustling city of Boston. Such a quaint, old-fashioned church as it is, too! I declare! I feel like a veritable Rip Van Winkle, only a place of labor and a leap into the future I am going back a century or so—I am dead-lazy in back to find such a sleepy hollow of a town, for it is a thousand times better than to be droning in a close office or poring over dull law books in this abominably hot weather—I think I'll remain here during my entire vacation."

He seated himself in a corner pew and leisurely fanned his heated face with a light, Panama hat, and while he is thus employed we will sketch his personal appearance, give him a more formal introduction.

It is a pleasant face that we look upon. A face that would win the confidence of a child, the most noticeable points being a pair of dreamy, blue eyes, a clearly cut profile, a handsome mouth, the almost feminine mobility of the lips, relieved by a tawny mustache, a well turned forehead, framed in by a mass of bronze-brown hair. Added to this nobility of feature, is a well-knit frame and a graceful bearing.

Such is the portrait of Rupert Gordon, or "R. Gordon, Attorney-At-Law," as the legend on the door of a certain office in the city of Boston would inform you, and the said Rupert Gordon is spending a few weeks of his vacation in the quiet country village of Grayledge, finding amusement in hunting, fishing and rambling about.

This particular afternoon has been unusually warm and sultry, even for the month of August, and his afternoon ramble has extended only as far as the postoffice in the center of the long, straggling street of the village.

Deacon Joseph Franklin and his maiden sister, Miss Jane Franklin, reside at the distance of an eighth of a mile from the village, and it is at Deacon Franklin's farm-house that Rupert Gordon is domiciled during his sojourn at Grayledge. The road from the Deacon's dwelling to the village leads directly past the old church, which stands on the very outskirts of the village.

At the postoffice there was not a single letter awaiting, and the young man sauntered leisurely in the direction of the farm-house, but arriving opposite the church, he saw that the doors were open; a whim seized him to explore the building and here we find him at the opening of our story.

The evening sun had already disappeared behind the crescent of hills that encircled the village, and our hero left the church and sauntered slowly among the tombstones in the ancient graveyard, reading the inscriptions upon the tablets.

"Here lies ye body of Robert Marlborough, who departed this life July 2nd, 1776, in ye 38th year of his age.

She shrank back with a low cry of fear.

"He was sorely wounded at ye Battle of Bunker Hill, from which wounds he died.

"Behold me all ye that pass by,
As you are now so once was I,
As I am now so you must be,
Prepare for death and follow me."

The young man read this quaint inscription upon an ancient, moss-encrusted stone, passing his fingers lightly over its rough, gray surface, tracing the uncouth fig-

(Continued on page two.)

A DIAMOND BELT.

The Strangest Murder Case on Record---Shrewd Detective Baffled---A Desperate, Mysterious Woman.

By COLONEL JULIAN BENNETT.

SYNOPSIS.

[The dead body of Elmer Maynard, a wealthy young man, presumably engaged from choice in literary work, is discovered in an old suburban house which he had occupied jointly with a life-long friend, James Clinton. Also believed to be engaged temporarily at literary labor. There are baffling indications of suicide, but Clinton disappears on the night of his friend's death, and is suspected by the public officers of having committed the murder. Clinton and Maynard are insured in the Unity Life Insurance company for a large sum, and the manager of the company institutes an investigation. In this inquiry Howard Harnsworth and the writer, detectives of some repute, are engaged. They are soon led to believe that Clinton is well and Maynard was murdered, the murderers for some reason concealing the body.]

CHAPTER III.

A SUSPICIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE.

When Mrs. Clinton appeared in the doorway, I hastened forward to meet her. I wondered a little at the remarkable manner in which she regarded my friend, but, of course, did not seem to observe it. As for Harnsworth, he acknowledged her presence in the room by the most formal of bows and turned away to the window.

She followed him with her eyes for an instant, the puzzled look on her face deepening, and then turning back to me.

"We hardly expected to see you here today," I said.

"I couldn't bear the suspense," she replied, "and came out in quest of information. I arrived just in time, it seems, and hear from what your companion said just now. Do you think so he thinks?"

"His opinions in matters of this kind are not to be lightly regarded," I replied, "and we have just begun on the case, and he may find reason to change his mind before we are through with it."

"I hope so," was the reply. "How did he find out about the belt?"

Harnsworth turned away from the window and stationed over to the place where we were standing, Mrs. Clinton having declined a chair.

"Then it is true," he said, "that the murdered man wore a belt containing something of great value."

"Yes, it contained many rare diamonds, purchased in India. But we four, Mr. and Mrs. Maynard, Mr. Clinton and myself, alone knew of the existence of such a belt. Tell me how you came to know about it."

I told her about the white circle on the back, where the belt had been protected by the belt, and about the marks showing that it had been torn rudely away.

"Nothing seems to escape your notice," she said.

"You said just now," began Harnsworth, "that no one save you four persons knew of the existence of this belt. Are you certain of that?" The woman hesitated for a moment.

"It was known to a few," she finally said, "that Mr. Maynard possessed diamonds of considerable value, but no one save we four knew where he kept them."

"Can you give me the names of the men who knew about the diamonds?" asked Harnsworth.

"I am afraid not," was the reply. "Now and then a man came to the house to talk about diamonds, but I rarely saw such visitors."

"And those you did see—did they resemble men doing business in the city?"

"I cannot say."

Harnsworth stepped closer to the woman and looked her squarely in the face.

"Do you remember seeing me at Mr. Maynard's residence about three months ago?" he asked.

"Mr. Maynard's residence was our residence," she said. "We occupied a house in common."

Without taking his eyes from her face, Harnsworth repeated the question in a different form.

"Can you now recall my visit to the house you occupied in common with the Maynards?"

The woman looked him frankly in the face.

"When I entered this room," she said, "I became impressed with the idea that I had somewhere seen you before. If you were ever at our house that accounts for the impression."

"Then you do not remember the circumstance?"

"I do not."

"Let me refresh your memory," said Harnsworth. "Do you remember the time when some valuable diamonds were reported as having been stolen?"

The woman's eyes flashed.

"And you were one of the men who came there to accuse Mr. Maynard of having stolen them, or purchased them of the thieves, or something of the sort?"

"I was there in your house in search of the diamonds," was the reply.

"And went away without proof of any kind against Mr. Maynard or my husband?"

"You have stated the case correctly, Mrs. Clinton."

Harnsworth rattled the keys in his pocket and turned away to the window again.

After numerous questions regarding the case, Mrs. Clinton took her departure, then Harnsworth became all animation again.

"Where next to Maynard's place?" he said. "he lived in a different part of the city, and in the surroundings were more than these we saw in his house today. I did not see Clinton then, although she must have seen me. The person I saw was Clinton."

You expected to find the missing diamonds in his house."

"I hoped. His reputation was none of the best."

"Of what was he suspected?"

"Of doing a brokerage business in stolen gems."

"If you had only known where to look for the diamonds, then?"

"I did not know, but I have never given over the idea of restoring them to their rightful owner."

"You think, then, that these alleged travelers and library men were a couple of diamond crooks?"

"I am certain of it."

"And you were their accomplices?"

"That is about the size of it. Mrs. Maynard and her herself knew, but when she mentioned diamonds in connection with the heir, I knew for that I should have a crowd in darkness a while longer."

"How do you account for their occupying the flat next to Maynard's?"

"It was convenient to meet their pals here," was the reply. "The passage down there under the floor is a hiding place of no little value."

"Perhaps there are other hiding places in the old edifice?" suggested. "And valuable property may be hidden away here."

"If such is the case, the thieves will return here some night for it, and we want to be here to capture them," was the reply.

We closed up the old house and returned to the city. Harnsworth in a brown study most of the way. When we reached his office he threw himself into a chair in his old indolent way and seemed prepared to enlighten me as his invitations.

"I would give a hundred dollars, cold," he said, "if those white diamonds had not quarreled about. It couldn't have been a woman."

"How do you know they quarreled?" I ventured. I wanted to get him talking.

"Of course they quarreled," was the reply, "else why should members of the gang have chosen to do murder?"

This view of the case was new to me, and I asked Harnsworth innumerable questions, in the hope of drawing him out.

"Maynard and Clinton dead, and the two receivers were killed. Now, the women suspect it. If they do not actually know, who did the killing. The one we saw out there did not make the trip because of her anxiety regarding her husband, if he was her husband. She made the journey to see what progress we were making on the case."

"Then the next thing to do is to watch the women," I suggested.

"Exactly."

"And to watch the house?"

"Of course."

"And to watch the places where stolen diamonds are pledged or sold?"

"Your head ought to be level, my friend."

"For," I continued, made bolder by the great success I was in for the diamonds which Maynard carried in the belt about his body a few days ago may now be offered for sale or pledge."

"Yes, and the women, who were equally interested in them with the dead men, will be the first to watch the men who are likely to turn a stone over. They can easily find the diamonds we can catch the men who murdered Maynard and Clinton. Trust a woman for keeping track of a collection of valuable gems."

And it was the end of the theory that Clinton killed Maynard, and also of the theory that Maynard killed himself.

"And now," I ventured, "will the women apply for the premiums on the lives of the two men?"

"Of course they will," was the reply, "and this may cause them to be called the murderers. I never once thought of that."

"No woman ever forgives the murder of a husband or a lover," I said.

Harnsworth smiled.

"But these women gain $100,000 each by the crime," he said.

CHAPTER IV.

STILL GUESSING.

That night we watched the Maynard-Clinton residence, Harnsworth at the front and I at the rear. The funeral of the murdered man was to take place the next day, and there was considerable commotion, and passing out and in, until ten o'clock, when all the lights in the house save three were extinguished—at least I could see no more from the alley where Harnsworth had stationed me. Three may have been more at the front of the house.

One of these lights was in the main hall, which ran along the east wall of the house, from front to rear, the structure being large and old-fashioned. Another was in the library, where the body lay, already robed for the grave, and the third was in a room directly above the library, which was a bedroom on the second floor. This third room seemed to me to be a sleeping room, and it appeared to open into another room on the west, also a sleeping room. I could see a faint illumination in the fourth room, yet there was no gas jet burning there, and there was no grate fire, for that would have made a flickering light, which this was not. So I guessed that a door of communication between the two rooms had been left open.

It was very dark out there in the alley, and a storm was brewing in the west, for I could see many distinguishable, heavy masses or clouds drifting across the sky, and the wind, which came down upon me in full force, rattled the dead leaves on the trees in a dismal manner. Once or twice I stepped out upon the sidewalk in the street in front and have a chat with Harnsworth, but never got a full view, and I reflected that I should probably get laughed at for my timidity. Yet I felt that somehow I was also watched the light in the windows. I am very glad now that I did, though it is a humiliating fact to record, for the night and storm not a dozen feet from the body of a man who had died by violence.

About midnight I saw some one moving in the room over the library. Then I saw a faint shadow reflected against the indistinct outline of the window shades, and I knew it was some one moving there. Then, in a few minutes, I saw a second shadow, and the figures standing close to each other in the room above the library. I knew then that they were women, clad in long nightrobes, and came down the stairs directly toward the rear of the house, and in a line with the alley fence and up to a gallery which ran along the rear of the house. I gained the gallery myself, and sought the light in the room had been extinguished and listened for indications of any one being astir there.

Half concealed myself behind an old packing case which stood not far from the edge of the gallery and waited, though it was now beginning to rain. I did not believe that the women had returned to bed to gain shelter from the storm, but that they were about. I was well rewarded for my trouble, for presently I saw the back door which I had seen through the sleeping room window swing softly down the long hall, and they came out and walked directly toward the rear of the house, and in a line with the fence. I ventured to guess that I could see their face quite plainly. One was Mrs. Clinton, and the other was Mrs. Maynard.

They opened the library door slowly, as though fearful of disturbing the dead, and stepped inside. Then Mrs. Maynard stepped back into the hall and drew down the window shade.

"Caught them at a better thing," thought I, and I was soon up on the floor of the gallery, close to the hall window. The shades were drawn, and the doors of the library were drawn, and the game was evidently up. I heard a match struck, and the low murmur of voices in the room below. I crept to the hall window and tried to find a break in the shade through which I could get a glimpse of the interior of the room and follow the actions of the women.

I found a slit at last, three-cornered tear which gave me a view of the coffin where it was placed, and the head of the dead man was between me and the shade, so I couldn't see his face, but I could see all I looked, but by stooping down I could see the whole length of the casket, which stood on a table in the center of the room, and a foot above its polished lid, which seemed to be open, I could probably see the face.

At last I saw two pair of hands working at the half-secured fastenings which held the screws. They were women's hands, for I caught a view of white and rounded arms above them. This was the signal for the death of Maynard, I thought, but this little was better than nothing. I watched the hands. Something unusual was going on. What were the women about to do with the corpse? For a moment the thought took possession of me that the man was still alive and that they were there for the deed of death to provide him with nourishment or to administer more of the drug which had rendered him to all appearance lifeless. But there was the doctor's certificate of death, which I had seen and read, and there was the statement of Clinton's wife, who had drawn the dagger from the still heart, so I had to abandon the theory.

As I looked, the lid was lifted away and I saw the four hands—always seeming to me to be working with the greatest haste and purpose—raise the corpse by main strength and lower it gently into the casket to rest upon the rim of the casket. Then one white hand slipped away from the burden it was helping to sustain and disappeared into the folds of the coffin. When it was drawn forth again it held in its grasp a small white package enclosed in white soft paper, such as is frequently used in packing or wrapping gems.

Then the body was lowered into the coffin, and the lid was adjusted in its place, and I heard the women passing through the hall on their way to the rear to retrieve the shoes above.

I found Harnsworth and told him the story.

"Now," I asked, "what did the women have hidden in the coffin, under Maynard's dead body?"

Harnsworth was not slow with his reply, nor yet complimentary.

"Diamonds, you fool," he grunted.

The matter was too serious for any exhibition of resentment, therefore I overlooked the fast hail of his reply.

"But why should they hide them there?" I demanded.

"Why should they hide them in any safe place?" demanded Harnsworth, in reply. "They expected the house would be search-ed tonight, that is why they placed them in the custody of the corpse. Who would think of looking there for stolen gems? And who, having the suspicion, would dare to so violate the dead?"

CHAPTER V.

BLOODY FOOTPRINTS.

Harnsworth stood in silence for some little time after telling me why the diamonds had been placed in the custody of the dead man. With Harnsworth silence is productive of ideas, so I left him to himself.

Presently he turned to me with a smile on his rain-wet face, which was barely distinguishable by the light of a distant street lamp.

"I said a moment ago," he began, "that you were a fool. I now retract. Is it who have played the foolish part."

"What have you done?" I demanded in amazement.

"I am afraid I have spoiled the case," he answered, regretfully.

"Spoiled the case?"

"Yes, by allowing that woman to know that I recognized her in connection with another diamond affair."

"Pshaw!"

"Don't you see that I have put her on her guard? She is forewarned. I have done the very thing that should not have been done when I was about to complete the job."

"It strikes me," I said, "that the proper thing to do is to go home and straighten out the case—that is, if, as you seem to think, you have got it on a wooden peg."

"You are right," declared Harnsworth. "What comes next?"

"Why, the women are housed for the night."

"Probably, but if we are to go away we might have the house watched by the police force."

"Just the thing," was my reply, "then we can see what is going on at the old house."

"You are a genius," declared Harnsworth, ruefully. "I have spoiled that end of the case."

"How?"

"By identifying the woman, and through her, the gang, that she was suspected. If anything remained in the old house it has by this time been brought away, or we shall be too watching here."

"But our efforts here have not been without result," I suggested.

"Was none to rain. I did not believe that the women had returned to bed to gain shelter from the storm, but that they were about. I was well rewarded for my trouble, for presently I saw the two women I had seen through the sleeping room window swing softly down the long hall, and they came out and walked directly toward the rear of the house, and in a line with the fence and up to a gallery which ran along the rear of the house. I gained the gallery myself, and sought the light in the room had been extinguished and listened for indications of any one being astir there.

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"What an uncanny idea—a man standing by his own grave!" thought Rupert.

A flash of phosphorescent light played over the white tombstone and on the black-robed figure standing there so like a beautiful statue beside him. Night had fallen very suddenly, for a storm was gathering fast. The young man looked around. Heavy masses of clouds were piled in black billows along the horizon and were rising rapidly toward the zenith, while the low mutter of thunder heralded the war of the elements.

"Justella! Come home!"

The voice was harsh and menacing. A tall, heavily-built man stepped from the shadow of a willow and laid his hand upon the lady's arm. She shrank back with a low cry of fear.

"Come!" The word was hissed rather than spoken.

"I will not!"

The reply was given in a determined tone.

"And I say that you shall!" the man replied, as he grasped her arm and fairly dragged her into the path.

"Stop, sir! What does this mean? Why do you assault a lady?" exclaimed our hero, springing forward, and placing his hand heavily on the arm of the stranger.

"This lady is my daughter, sir—and a lunatic. Good evening, sir," answered the stranger, curtly, as he drew the girl's arm through his own and moved under the path in the direction of the gate, while Rupert found himself standing alone beside the grave of Roy Marlborough.

"Daughter! That accounts for her strange manner," he mused. "U-m-m-m! Here comes the storm in earnest, and I have been making an idiot of myself and half-falling in love with a maniac. I must get under shelter quickly or be drenched to the skin," he concluded, as the big drops pattered around him.

He ran to the church, but the door was closed and locked. He had also left open by the sexton during the afternoon to allow the circulation of air. But the wide porch over the door afforded a deep recess behind the shelter of a heavy pillar where he was safe from the storm.

"Only a shower and the rain will soon be over, but surely it will be a terrific one while it lasts, and it will be decidedly wet under foot and slightly muddy between here and the Deacon's, but what can't be cured must be endured, and I'm not going to lose my appetite. Neigh-ho! I wish I knew I wonder who and what that girl was—I didn't dare call her Justella very much—but what could I do?" he soliloquized rather disconsolately. "Pretty creature, and a lunatic! Weather-bound here in a churchyard, all as black as the regions of Pluto! And how the wind does howl! Well done, Rupert, myself a dismembered shade of some poor suicide and toasted in the hurricane like the spirits of Dante's Inferno! That was light enough, though!" he exclaimed, as a vivid flash cleft the clouds and flamed around the figure of a man, who was wrapped in a long coat and standing beside the grave of Roy Marlborough. The next instant all was blackness, and Rupert rubbed his eyes.

"That fellow is a fool to be standing out there among the tombstones—hollo-o-o-o, friend! I'll be as much a Newfoundland after a bath—there's a mute shelter here, under the church porch!" he called loudly, but no answer to reply; and when the next flash of lightning flamed the stranger had disappeared.

"Whew-w-w!" whistled Rupert. "This is an uncanny sort of a place, and I shall presently begin to believe in spooks. Who was that fellow, anyway, and why didn't he answer? If he is fool enough to stay out and get soaked it is his business and not mine, of mine."

The swift roll of carriage wheels mingled with the sweep of the rain, the muddy road outside the churchyard gate, but was at once lost in the roar of the thunder.

The minutes dragged slowly by while Rupert crouched behind the screening pillar.

"This is getting monotonous," he mused, "and I wish—"

He did finish the sentence, for the report of a pistol rang out sharply, and our hero, fancied that it was followed by a faint cry—the agonizing cry of a dying man, swallowing up the sound, if cry it was.

He started to his feet, peering through the driving storm, plunged down the steps and out into the darkness, in the direction from whence the sounds had proceeded, and that was in the direction of the Franklin farmhouse. His quickened his steps to a sharp run.

The cry, shrieks and the swift tramp of a horse again became audible.

Midway between the church and the Franklin farm-house a road diverged, and as the sounds came from the direction of carriage whirling away like a phantom, under the evanescent light of a gleam of lightning that it was impossible to see in the gloom that followed.

He stood looking toward, wiping the perspiration from his face where it was standing in heavy drops. He was completely mystified, and truth to tell, very much disgusted.

"I will become like a sensible body. I am as wet as I can well be," he exclaimed aloud, and suiting the action to the word, he trudged lustily forward and in a few moments was seated in the cosy sitting room of the Deacon's house and relating his adventure to the Deacon and Miss Jane.

At the close of his narration, he asked if they knew of the beautiful girl.

"And, by the way, miss Jane, speaking of a pistol-shot, reminds me to ask you if you have any knowledge of a small pistol lying about? I thought that it was in my pocket when I left the afternoon, but I miss it, and if it is not here I must have lost it while I was very likely on I found a hole in my coat pocket."

"I have not seen it about the house, and I am very sure that I saw you put it in your pocket a moment before you went out this afternoon," answered Miss Jane in a positive manner.

"My name was engraved upon it, so if it is found I shall recover my property." Rupert answered, carelessly, but Deacon Dow was about to tell me of the young lady, when I had the bad taste to interrupt you."

"I know the parties very well," began the Deacon, "it was Squire Pickney and his daughter, Gustella."

"And is the lady really insane?"

"I can hardly say that—on one point she is queer, certainly, but on every other subject she is sane enough."

"A monomaniac?"

"Yes, that is what, I suppose you would call it."

"And what is her hallucination?"

"That she is married, and she imagines that Roy Marlborough is alive, when we all saw him in his coffin, saw him buried, and yet she maintains that she has seen him standing by his own grave."

"A fearful idea, indeed."

"I will tell you the story. It is ten years since Squire Pickney came to Grayledge, bringing with him his daughter, then a child of only ten years of age. His family consisted of only three persons, the Squire, his daughter, and his cousin, Mr. Redmond Ford, who was a man after the Squire's own heart. There were two servants, or rather a housekeeper, a reticent, sour-faced woman, and her son, a stolid lad of fifteen. Mrs. Hindley acted as the Squire's financial affairs, her son, Silas, acting as stable boy, gardener and general factotum about the house and yard.

"The Squire was very wealthy, and he had set his heart on marrying his daughter to his cousin, to join estates, it is said, for Ford was supposed to be wealthy also. So the Squire kept his daughter very much secluded, and allowed no one to associate with her.

"The Lilacs," as the Squire had named his handsome estate, was situated a mile from his own—perhaps, because the grounds were filled with monstrous lilacs that covered the windows and overhung every path and corner.

"Well, Love laughs at lock-smiths,' and Gustella upset all his fine plans by falling in love with young Roy Marlborough. There were two of the Marlborough boys, and Roy, the younger, had left years ago Ray ran away and went to sea, and the vessel on which he sailed was lost and all on board were drowned. Mrs. Marlborough, our old minister's gentle wife, died from grief at the loss of her son, and the old minister, his son, Roy, and his daughter, Edith, were left alone in the world.

"People say that ministers' sons are always ne'er-do-wells, but Roy was an exception to the rule, for he was a fine lad.

"He was hard enough on our minister when Ray was drowned, but a heavier blow was in store for him when Roy died dead, shot through the heart, in the Drumlin woods. Then it all came out—Gustella Pinckney was his affianced wife, and she absolutely refused to marry Ford, avowing that she was a widow already. So it preyed upon her mind until she took the same fever that killed Roy, and from that she had seen him.

"Of course the Squire kept her closely confined the house—a prisoner, in fact—it was hinted that it was at the instigation of Mrs. Hindley, however, that she did escape this afternoon, for it is certain that Roy Marlborough is dead, and Mr. Ford had known she desired to visit the grave."

"There was a great mystery as to who did the shooting, but it was finally proved that it was a suicide, and the gun was found by his side. Ah, me. This is a world of trouble," added the old man, with a sad conclusion.

"Does Mr. Marlborough still preach in the old church?" queried Rupert.

"I am sure that I suppose you attend church with us tomorrow and hear a solid sermon?"

"I do like it, believe I will," answered Rupert, as he took up his bed room candle.

The morning was fair, and the sun of this charming story will be found in the next chapter of the Ledger. Special announcement on page fifteen.

AVOID ALUM BAKING POWDERS.

Their Use Is Dangerous to Health.

The condemnation of alum as an unwholesome ingredient in baking powders by the Government authorities as well as by Boards of Health and Boards of Health and physicians generally, has not deterred manufacturers from using powders containing alum on the public. Following is a partial list of the condemned alum baking powders and the false selection:

Bain's.	I. C.
Bee Hive.	Jack Frost.
Cameo.	K. C.
Chapman's.	Keston.
Chicago Yeast.	Loyal.
Climax.	Manhattan.
Crescent.	Menaska.
Crown.	Perfect.
Dandelion.	Rocket.
Dodson and Hills.	Snow Ball
Gem.	Standard.
Globe.	Taylor's One Spoon.
Grand Union.	Unrivalled.
Grant's Bon Bon.	Vision.
Hecla.	Zipps.

It is safe to reject all brands sold with a prize. All powders sold at twenty-five cents or less a pound are sure to be made of alum. Dr. Wiley, the Government Chemist, in his official examination of baking powders at the World's Fair, threw out all "alum powders," classing them as unfit for human food.

But the World's Fair could approve as well as condemn. After the most elaborate tests, it is bestowed the highest award for purity, leavening power, keeping qualities and general excellence on Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder.

High Enough.

Lawyer (who has lost case)—I am afraid we are done for. There is no higher court than this.

Client—I should imagine not, judging from the price of this one.

What She Desired.

Knicker—I tried to convince my wife that it couldn't afford a new sealskin cloak.

Bocker—And did you succeed?

Knicker—No, she wanted the argument brought home to her.

How to Postpone Old Age.

This delicious fruit may be effected, we are told, by Doctor W. Kinnear, by avoiding food in which earthy salts abound. He says in the Humanitarian (London):

"Anatomical experiment and investigation shows that the chief characteristic of old age are the deposits of earthy matter in a gelatinous, fibrinous character in the human system. Carbonate and phosphate of lime, mixed with other salts of a calcareous nature, have been found to furnish the greater part of these earthy deposits. As calcareous matter, when begins in a gelatinous condition; he ends in an osseous or bony consistency in fatness, hard in old age. By gradual change in the long space of years the ossification commences, and, after middle life is passed, a more marked development of the ossific character takes place. Of course these earthy deposits, which affect all the physical organs, naturally interfere with their functions. Partial ossification of the heart produces the imperfect circulation of the blood which affects the aged. When the arteries are clogged with calcareous matter there is interference with circulation, upon which nutrition depends. Without nutrition there is no repair of the body.

"Hence, as blood is produced by assimilation of food, it follows, as a matter of fact, we must look for the earthy accumulations, which, in time, block up the system and bring on old age, in everything we eat containing more or less of these elements of decay. Take, for instance, the use of calcareous salts deposited by the all-nourishing blood. By proper selection of food we can enable us to avoid the worst of them.

"Some of these things interfere with nutrition and circulation by another process—the reparation of the physical system, as every muscular effort depends on this fine balance. In fact, the whole change is merely a slow, insidious accumulation of calcareous deposits in the system. When these deposits begin to resist expulsion, they cause the stiffness and dryness of old age. Entire blockage of the functions of the body is a mere matter of time. The refuse matter deposited by the blood is not thrown off through the skin, the system stops the delicate and exquisite manufacture which we call life. This is death. It has been proved by analysis that human blood contains compounds of lime, magnesia and soda. Lime itself are thus contained the earth salts. In early life these salts are in solution, and have the power to do it.

"Salts are abound in the cereals, and bread itself, though seemingly the most innocent of articles, great assists in the disposition of calcareous matter in our bodies. Nitrogenous food abounds in this element. Cheese is also full of it, and fruit and vegetables is best for people advancing in years, for the reason that they are deficient in nitrogen, the ossific deposits so much to be dreaded are more likely to accumulate. Medical practicers have in all cases a much better chance for long life than those addicted to flesh foods. Fish, poultry, game, young mutton and veal contain less of the earthy salts than other articles of food, and are therefore best for people entering the vale of years. Pork, mutton usually, are overcharged with salts, and should be avoided. Fat containing a minimum amount of earthy matter is most suitable for to retard old age, by preserving the system from functional derangement. Daily use of distilled water is, after middle life, one of the best safeguards of preventing excretions and the derangement of health.

"As I have already said, it is one of the most powerful influences known in existence for shielding the human system from the functional derangements. Daily use of it mixed with distilled water helps to retard old age by preserving the system healthy for oxygen the fibrinous and gelatinous deposits alluded to are checked, and their expulsion from the system hastened.

"To sum up: Avoid all foods rich in the earth salts, use much fruit, especially juicy, uncooked, and drink daily two pints or three tumblerfuls of distilled water with lemon juice added, or diluted phosphoric acid in cachagiasfural. Thus will our days be prolonged, old age declared, and health insured."—The Literary Digest.

A Dainty Screen.

A small, light screen that can be easily moved from one place to another is always desirable. The frame, which is flame, enameled white, costs but little and can be filled in after various fashions. The treatment adopted is to have a piece inserted in the upper part of the screen, the lower half of which is arranged as a large pocket, while facing this is a small collapsible ledge, capable when opened, forming a sheath is a diagonal band of brocade which serves to hold invitations or cards.

The reverse consists in the first instance of a mere skeleton—the outline, a couple of bars across the centre, and a small single ledge fixed with a hinge. Apply two pieces of stout glazing like paper to this before applying the second. Two sheets of plain glass are fixed in the upper panels. Then take a piece of cardboard and cut it to fit the upper portion of one side of the screen. Arrange three photographs on this and mark with a pencil the outline of each, and cut out the four panels where the photographs are to be placed. The cardboard should then be covered with brocade, the effect being richer if a padding is inserted between the cardboard and the brocade. The upper half of the other side is similarly treated, and the pictures can be fixed in place and held there by strips of stamp paper.

For the lower panels take two pieces of cardboard the exact size required and cover one piece on both sides with brocade, the other on one side only, the reverse being covered with Roman satin. These panels should be fixed with tiny tacks and then outlined with fancy gimp, secured with glue. The pocket or wrapping should be attached to one side of the screen, and a strip of plain Roman satin decorates the other for holding knickknacks or pictures. The screen is further embellished with handsome bows of ribbon.

Serving Celery.

Not many people know that a bunch of celery in the hands of a good housekeeper is one of the few things for which there is absolutely no waste. From an ordinary bunch of celery of five stalks eight of the large leaves, wash them and place in a quart of water, letting the quantity boil down to about half a pint. When cold, bottle this liquid and keep in a cool place to be used for soups, sauces and salads. Next, the five roots; wash and boil the same as potatoes, frying them with a little fat to which done. Cut them into thin slices, add a finely cut onion and make into a salad the same as the stalks are prepared for salad.

The large and coarser stalks of celery cut into inch lengths, boil, serve with cream sauce and serve as a vegetable.

The delicate leaves are extraordinarily for a relish, and the young fellow leaves will be found to make a pretty trimming for the meat dish. This uses every scrap of the celery itself, but the artful housekeeper has one more claimed for the string that ties the stalks together, but if it is long enough will roll it up for future use.

How to Make Candy at Home.

There are a great many different kinds of candies which are delicious and which are very easily made at home with a little care. Here are a few receipts:

CARAMELS, COFFEE.

Put into a saucepan one pound of sugar and one cupful of cream, and when mixed add strained black coffee. Let it boil until it forms a soft ball in cold water, then add a tumblerful of good fresh milk or cream and continue the boiling till the syrup is almost crackling. Pour into buttered tins to the double slab, previously well moistened with good cold milk, let it get cold, cut it into squares with a knife. Divide the caramels and keep them in a cool place until wanted.

CHOCOLATE.

Use the same quantity of sugar as for caramels, and a tumblerful of milk and two cakes of unsweetened chocolate previously grated and dissolved in water. Boil to the crackling stage and finish off according to the foregoing recipe.

CREAM PEPPERMINTS.

Stir together in a basin the yolks of three eggs, with the weight of four eggs in sugar. Add to these the same quantity of fresh butter, previously heated to a cream, and the same quantity of flour. Flavor the mixture all the time, flavor with vanilla to taste, and add a few drops of cochineal. Finally add the whipped whites of five eggs. Go on beating the whole lightly and steadily for a few minutes; then fill set in tiny moulds.

DROPS.

For these and all kinds of sugar sweets some kind of coloring is needed. This can be obtained at any confectioner's, but care is to overdo the quantities prescribed and to spoil the taste of the sweets made. To procure different colorings from any good cochineal and a few drop form can be had through any good druggist's, who, if he does not keep it in stock, will get it from a wholesale provider of utensils used by confectioners.

LEMON DROPS.

Put one pound of sifted sugar into a basin. Stir into this enough lemon juice to make a thick paste (about half a tumblerful of yellow). Put the mixture into a drop pan, heat it over a fire without letting it boil. Drop it in small balls or thin cakes on plates. When cold, remove them with a knife without breaking them and dry them on a semi-cool oven on sheets of paper.

ORANGE DROPS.

Boil one pint of syrup to a caramel, add twenty drops of essence of lemon and pour it out on a clean slab that has been rubbed with almond oil. When nearly cold, lift up the end with the help of a knife and roll the sugar as you detach each length from the slab.

Another method is to boil a pint of clarified sugar over a clear fire, in a pan provided with a spout till it is between the cracking and the caramel degrees. Then let it wet a piece of new clay pipe tube, dip it in the sugar and pour it into cold water. If boiled enough, it will come out quite brittle. Add a pint of cold one dessertspoonful of lemon juice, half a dozen drops of essence of lemon and boil once more to the same degree. Meanwhile, slightly oil a smooth marble slab, pour the sugar on this in a sheet, cut it into strips about six inches by one inch. When nearly cool, twist these strips, lay them on baking tins or on a tray to become cold, then store them in hermetically closing tin canisters or glass jars, where they will keep fresh and crisp.

Luck may often give us a start, but it doesn't push us up hill very far.

AN ACTRESS' SIN.

All for Name and Gold---An Entrancing Love Story and True-to-Life Picture of the American Stage.

By EDNA WINFIELD.

(Copyrighted 1898, by the Author.)

SYNOPSIS.

During a great storm on the Atlantic seaboard a dead but beautiful woman is washed ashore from the wreck. Her child is rescued and adopted by Paul Garbeau, an old member of the life-saving crew. He is drowned in a whirlpool while endeavoring to rescue the child. He makes the acquaintance of Garbrand Nelson, a cadaverous man, who is a wealthy resident of the coast. The same day her parent father is found and she has a twin brother named Mark Garbeau, who is an actor. Before the departure of Paul Garbeau she learns that she is a sea-waif. Jim Moore, a disreputable fisherman, tells her she is a foundling and insists on marrying her. He carries her away to a cave. Trouble escapes from the drunken fisherman. She meets Garrabrant Nelson. She afterward ships Moore, and persuades Tessie to go to Philadelphia in search of a position on the stage. She procures a place with a stock company. Nelson takes her to a wine supper and tries to dishonor her. Tessie makes a great hit in the play. Nelson presents her with a bracelet. Bardwell, the present manager, is about leaving for a private restaurant and drugs her, then takes her to his home. He lives as a bachelor, but has a wife living. Two colored people keep house for him. They keep Tessie locked up. She writes a note to Dartwell and drops it from the window. Nelson tries to compel her to go on a journey with him, but his wife is struggling with him, she hits him with a paper weight and he falls. She flies from the house. Dartwell gets her note and comes to the house. He is dead and Tessie is accused of committing the deed. He finds a paper in Nelson's pocket revealing Tessie's identity.

CHAPTER XIII.

"THE TRUTH IS OUT---SHE IS A MURDERESS!"

"Will she live, doctor?"

"I think so, Mr. Dartwell. But the shock of being snatched from the window, when she have been mere overwork on the stage."

Herbert Dartwell turned away without answering. A groan was on his lips, but he suppressed it. Poor Tessie, if the past had been dark, the future certainly looked black enough.

He had tried in vain to revive her in the coach. She had come out of one swoon only to fall into another until, thoroughly alarmed for her very life, he had bade the driver hurry with all speed to Doctor Hardell's private sanitarium. Here he had called upon the physician to give the girl the best room in the house, and to bring to her the best care his skill afforded. "I will pay you well for what you do," had been his words.

Day had broken, a wild, rainy day, full of gloomy forebodings, when Tessie awoke to consciousness. Dartwell walked first to the window to gaze upon the dreary prospect, response then to the bedside, to look down on that beautiful face, now so pinched and drawn with agony. As he watched Tessie his heart beat quickly.

"Poor, poor dear!" he half murmured, and stroked back those damp curls. "What a future is before her, if she does return to her right mind!"

He spoke the best part of the day at Tessie's bedside, sending word to Temple that the changes in the play must wait and that the sudden sickness of Miss Garbeau would necessitate a change in the caste.

"Extra! Full report account of the strange murder!" Such was the cry which reached his ears from the window, which was raised a bit to admit the fresh air. He sped downstairs, tossed the newsboy a nickel, and received one of the sheets.

"Strange Murder of Garrabrant Nelson! The Young Millionaire Found Dead in His Homestead! No Clew to the Murderer! A Girl Missed Who, It Is Said, Was Stopping at the House When the Deed was Committed! Her Colored Help Almost Driven Crazy Over the Discovery!"

After sensational headings followed an account of the finding of the body by Joe Thompson, the negro, it was said by Joe and his wife, that a girl had gone to Philadelphia to do some shopping. On returning they had found their master dead, and the young girl had found him. The name of the girl was not known, but the colored people might be able to recognize her. Evidently the deed had been one of revenge, for nothing had been stolen from the dead man.

Herbert Dartwell read the account twice, then tore up the paper and cast the pieces from the window. Learning that Tessie would not likely be herself out of her swoon for several hours, he left the sanitarium and went to his boarding house.

As one dead Tessie lay all of that day and all of the night, and the following morning still found her out of her senses.

Doctor Bardell's wife was a woman of fashionable society, with a fondness for people of the stage. She knew many men and women of the local theaters and among them was Maud Lamont, who had become a warm personal friend.

On that second morning Maud Lamont made a call upon Mrs. Bardell, and during the course of the conversation learned that Herbert Dartwell had brought a young lady to, to be treated for some brain trouble.

"He did not give the young lady's name, but said he would be responsible for all expenses," said the physician's wife.

The news fired the leading lady's curiosity. As we know, she was ambitious to gain the dramatist's hand, and now she wondered who it was Herbert was aiding. Miss Garbess was ill; was it possible it was that doll-faced creature, who had now lost her millionaire hanger-on, Garrabrant Nelson?

"I would like to see your patient," she said, did unknown to her husband Mrs. Bardell permitted Maud Lamont to visit Tessie's room.

Poor Tessie was tossing about, half under the covers, but one glance showed the actress that her suspicions were correct, and her face grew dark. Then the doctor's wife was called from the room, and the pair were left alone for nearly ten minutes.

"The sly minx!" muttered Maud Lamont. "I promise she will not be out of the fold now Garry is gone. If she does, let her beware of me!"

She stood over Tessie and shook her clenched fist at her. Did just then Tessie opened her deep eyes and stared about her wildly.

"Don't---don't, Mr. Nelson!" she shrieked. "Let me go, or I will kill you! Do you hear, I will kill you! I swear that---and that! Ah! You are dead at last! Oh, Mr. Dartwell, what have you done? Hide me---hide me!"

And then the half-crazed girl sank back like one dead again.

Maud Lamont was transfixed, first with terror, then with amazement. What was this Tessie talking about? Nelson dead? Yes, and more. She had struck that fatal blow; and was now calling upon Herbert to hide her!

"The truth is out," were the words which left the actress' lips. And then she undressed---and Herbert knows it. I have made a fine discovery, indeed."

She waited for Tessie to say more, but not another sound escaped the insensible one's lips, and soon Mrs. Bardell came back, and the morning call came to an end. Maud Lamont went back to her home chuckling with triumph shone on her face.

Herbert Dartwell came back at night, dressed as if for traveling. He found Tessie conscious at last, but too weak to speak.

"Oh, Mr. Dartwell," said the girl, in a whisper, and could get no further.

"Do not excite yourself," he said, kindly, and take my advice, say nothing, no matter what you may hear or what happens."

And, after a few more words, Tessie promised. On leaving he shook hands warmly and bent over her.

"You did what you thought was right," he whispered. "I do not blame you. Rest easy, dear, and I will be with you soon."

At midnight Herbert Dartwell took a train for Ocean View, from there he put up at the summer hotel, and early in the morning started out to find Jim Moore.

A disagreeable surprise awaited him. Jim Moore had left his old haunts and no one knew his present abode.

"He got a matter of a couple of hundred dollars and left for traveling," the tavern keeper. "He settled up his score, absolutely refused to take more than a few glasses---although he was in the habit of drinking all he could lay hands on---an' left. And I'm glad of it, for I never liked he has gone."

"Well, as I was told him, yet a careful hunt for twenty-four hours revealed the fact that Jim Moore had taken a train westward, one bound for Chicago and other points. Herbert learned that the fisherman had left Ocean View three days later on the great city of the lakes.

"Should I go to Chicago?" Dartwell asked himself. "I'll go---but not at present. I must stay here to see that they leave Tessie longer than was necessary.

So his return to Philadelphia. Temple caught him by accident as he arrived, and literally forced him to come to the theater.

"I'll take it as done on Philadelphia to do some shopping. On returning they had found their master dead, and the young girl had found him. The name of the girl was not known, but the colored people might be able to recognize her. Evidently the deed had been one of revenge, for nothing had been stolen from the dead man.

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NERVOUS DEPRESSION.

[A TALK WITH MRS. PINKHAM.]

A woman with the blues is a very uncomfortable person. She is illogical, unhappy and frequently hysterical.

The condition of the mind known as "the blues," nearly always, with women, results from diseased organs of generation.

It is a source of wonder that in this age of advanced medical science, any person should still believe that mere force of will and determination will overcome depressed spirits and nervousness in women. These troubles are indications of disease.

Every woman who doesn't understand her condition should write to Lynn, Mass., to Mrs. Pinkham for her advice. Her advice is thorough common sense, backed by a counsel of a learned woman of great experience. Read the story of Mrs. F. S. Bennett, Westphalia, Kansas, as told in the following letter:

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:---I have suffered for over two years with falling, enlargement and ulceration of the womb, and this spring, being in such a weakened condition, caused me to flow for nearly six months. Some time ago, upon the request, I wrote to you for advice. After using the treatment which you advised for a short time, that terrible flow stopped.

"I am now gaining strength and flesh, and have better health than I have had for the past ten years. I wish to add my testimony for suffering women, do not suffer longer, when there is one so kind and willing to aid you."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a woman's remedy for woman's ills. More than a million women have been benefited by it.

It was after midnight when Herbert finally got away from Temple and Harden, not to mention Miss Garbess, who did her best to get him into a corner to talk to him.

Perhaps it is too late to call on Doctor Bardell, but I must see him. I go to bed," he thought, and springing into a cab he gave the order to the private sanitarium.

Ringing of the electric bell brought a servant to the door. "I'll call the doctor at once---he wants to see you," said the man, and went up the stairs.

Five minutes later Herbert had made a discovery more disagreeable than that unearthed at Ocean View.

Tessie had disappeared, and a two-hours' search for her had proved fruitless in gaining even the slightest clew to her whereabouts.

CHAPTER XIV.

"THE GRANDCHILD OF ONE OF THE FIRST SETTLERS OF THE UNITED STATES!"

It is said that people can do strange things in the first state of mind. A second state hard to put into words, but one from which Tessie would be glad when she came out of her swoon after the visit by Maud Lamont, was one of fear.

As in a dream she arose, dressed herself and left the sanitarium by a back way. Then she found herself in the street wandering around, she did not know.

Then she realized that she was on a train which was moving along at a high rate of speed. She conducted came for her ticket and she brought the bit of pasteboard from her pocket. After it had been punched she sank back in the seat. "Philadelphia---Chicago," and had a number of coupons attached.

She could not remember having purchased that ticket, nor had the desire to get away from the Quaker City, to get away as quickly as possible and to go as far as her means would permit.

"To Chicago!" she murmured, and sank back in the seat. She occupied alone.

When the train stopped for breakfast and for dinner she did not leave.

"Have anything?" asked the porter, coming through, but she shook her head. Eating would choke her. She had not tasted a half in a dream.

In a dim way she realized that she was feeling from some fate that hung over her. Then she found herself in a big courtroom, crowded with men and women. Hundreds of fingers were pointed at her, and the word went out that she was the girl who killed Garrabrant Nelson!" Then the scene changed and she would be telling the awful tale of why she did the deed. She would see people sneering at her and saying, "Guess she was no better than the rest of us." And then she would see herself behind the bars, with the sheriff's scaffold.

Thirty hours after leaving Philadelphia found her in Chicago, an utter stranger and with less than ten dollars in her pocket-book. Where was she to go and what was she to do?

A strange fate watched over her---or was it a kind Providence? Sitting down in the depot she picked out a paper from a pile, paper and read therein an advertisement of girls wanted for one of the theaters, in the romantic drama, "The King's Request," to play the parts of flower maids. She lost no time in hurrying to the place in question.

Her beauty secured for her instant attention. "Have you had any experience?" she was asked, and after it was found that she had had a speaking part she was given a two-weeks' engagement at six dollars a week, to lead a train of eight flower girls in two scenes, each night and one matinee a week. The part was an easy one, and two rehearsals were sufficient to put her thoroughly at home.

Yet Tessie was thoroughly miserable. Here she was in a strange city with no awful fate hanging over her as if by a thread. She had given her name as Lucy Smith, and now took to wearing her hair in a new fashion and to altering her general appearance as much as possible.

In a Chicago paper she had read of the particulars concerning the murder---how Garrabrant Nelson's body had been found by Joe and Mame Thompson, and how the police were looking for the unknown girl who had disappeared. Surely the authorities must know by this time that the girl was herself.

"They will hunt me down---I feel certain of it," she murmured. "No one will ever say anybody so miserable as I!"

She had found a home with one of the other flower girls, a good-natured creature named Rosy Noonan. Rosy was of Irish extraction and not above a natural curiosity, but she got but poor replies from Tessie-stricken Tessie. "Sure an' the girl has some secret," said Rosy to her mother. "But she's a lady, I'll wager, and she'll pay wages on it."

Several days went by, and Tessie began to breathe more freely. At the railroad station she managed to buy a Philadelphia newspaper and from this learned that the murder was dying out in public interest and that the police had learned absolutely nothing. She did not know that the police had learned of Nelson's secret marriage years before, and were following up his wife, who had said she would bring him to terms sooner or later. But of this more anon.

So well was her acting as a flower girl received that the manager wrote to Temple, Tessie was soon given a speaking part. Then the company moved to Milwaukee for a week and she went along.

It was late one evening that she was hurrying from the theater to Milwaukee's best hotel, when a rough-looking man hailed her from the other side of the street.

"I expect yer don't know me no more," he said, as he came up to her side. "Jim Moore!" she cried, starting back. "Where did you come from?"

"Come from---why, I've been out yer left, Tess---Ocean View. I thought I recognized yer picture in the paper, an' so ye in the theater tonight."

"What are you doing here?"

"Oh, I've got an interest in a boat on the lake now, an interest along with my brother Tom, who is the owner. But---but---"

"What made you leave Ocean View?"

"Town didn't suit me after you---"

"Well?"

"How air you 'an' Garrabrant Nelson makin' it now? Has he married-ye yet?"

Tessie shrank back as if struck a blow. "Why---why do you not know?" she faltered.

"Know what?"

"That Mr. Nelson is dead."

"Dead! Dead! Well, by gum! When did he die?"

"Several weeks ago, very suddenly."

"Then he didn't marry ye?"

She shook her head, not trusting herself to speak. Jim Moore looked at her closely for a moment in silence. "Say, Tess, did ye ever tell anybody about yourself?"

"What do you mean?"

"About your past, an' that I think he rather knew who you was kind of?"

Tessie's heart gave a bound.

"You don't mean to say ye've something of my history---who I was?" she cried.

"Exactly---that's why he wanted to marry you."

"Why? I don't quite understand."

"Reckon then ye never told to you---in fact, I know there was," went on the fisherman, "for he told me so, an' he say nuthin'? Did he leave ye any papers?"

"Yes."

"An' ye don't know nuthin' of yer past---who yer be?"

"I know nothing." Tessie caught Jim Moore's arm. "Do you know anything? If you do, you must tell me---you must!"

She gazed pleadingly into his face. Again was the rough sailor fascinated by her peerless beauty as fascinated as in the days when he had been Garrabrant Nelson and Herbert Dartwell in rivers."

"All right---I'll tell ye all I know, Tess. Come this way."

She shrank back. He was not to be trusted. He saw her movement and laughed roughly.

"I won't hurt ye. My brother and his wife like ye---don't---have no place to take there. His wife will take care of yet---she knows all I do, an' more."

He started off and after a moment of hesitation she followed him. One arrest after another and they reached the boat as the river was gained. Here a schooner, the Gaiety, lay at anchor. Some was taken the way on board. The cabin was brightly lighted, and a man and a woman, Tom Moore and his wife, were present and were introduced.

"I would be a long story to start clear at the beginning," said Jim Moore, when Tessie had been given a chair and he had drawn. "I got wind o' this thing by accident through a man that came from Boston. I had reckoned that I'd make it waged to do alone, so I took Garrabrant Nelson into the deed. He was to marry you, an' on the right side of you, and then pay me a big sum. But he got left, he and I, an' a heap o' hundred dollars and made me promise to come west---an' here I am."

"But tell me quickly!" exclaimed Tessie, impatiently.

"Why, Tess---just as soon as yer promise her marry me---an' not a minute before---there's my oath on it!" and the man brought his fist down on the table with a bang.

CHAPTER XV.

LOST ON THE LAKE.

"Oh, Jim Moore! you don't mean what you say!"

Tessie dropped into a chair as she spoke.

her heart sinking like a lump of lead in her heaving breast.

"But I do mean it, Tess. An' why? 'Cos I love ye, understand? I have loved ye for a year, an' more. A man will do a good deal to win the gal he loves."

"You want the money coming to me," she answered, bitterly.

"No. I don't—though I allow as how it will come in mighty handy-like. But I want you, Tess, an' I would marry you if you was the poorest gal in the hull country."

Jim Moore gazed at her earnestly. He was perfectly sober, and in deep earnest.

In spite of her feelings toward the rough fishermen Tessie could not but admire the fellow in at least one sense. He loved her —there was no doubt of that, no matter what means he took of showing his affection.

"Jim, I thank you forwyour—your regard," she faltered. "Any girl likes to be loved. But I cannot marry you. Let us be friends. You wouldn't want to marry a girl that didn't love you."

"You learn ter love me in time, Tess. I'll try ter be a real gent, I will. I'll brush up, an' buy new clothes, an' try to speak more decent-like, an' all. Give me a few months in which ter polish myself an' ye won't know me. Soon time, Tess—"

He came over and caught her fair shoulder. She shrank back in fright and dismay. There seemed to be no escaping him.

"I cannot marry you—that is final—" she began, when he caught her by the waist.

"Yer will—I'll make yer!" he hissed. "Tom —hear a hand here—an' help me land this prize!"

At the call Tom Moore came in and both men caught hold of poor, helpless Tess.

"I will tell you who you are after you become my wife."

She tried to scream, but Jim Moore clapped his dirty paw over her pretty mouth.

Struggling strongly but in vain, Tessie was borne from the cabin to a stateroom of the Gaddy, and locked in.

"Won't ye be good to holler," said Jim Moore. "Ye had better save yer wind."

Then he closed the door and bolted it.

With a cry of anguish Tessie threw herself on the berth and burst into a passionate fit of weeping.

Several hours passed—to Tessie they seemed to have no end. She heard Jim Moore and his brother leave the cabin and go on deck, and then heard the engine-bells ring out. Soon the sloop was standing down the river to the lake. An hour later she was headed for Chicago.

The wind was blowing strongly, and soon the violent motion of the Gaddy made Tessie sick. Of course all other troubles were, for the time being, forgotten.

It was about 8 o'clock in the morning that Jim Moore came to her. A night on deck with his brother had made him tired and cross.

"We're having vile weather," he said. "Hope yer ain't feelin' ill."

But I am feeling it, Jim. Won't you put me ashore?"

"If ye'll promise to go to a parson with me."

"I've told you I can't do that."

"Ye'll change yer mind, I'm shard, that's all there is on it." And again he left her.

Presently Mrs. Tom Moore brought Tessie some breakfast. She was a little woman and evidently not in sympathy with the feelings of her brother-in-law and her husband.

"Jim dragged Tom into this," she said, "I don't stand for it, Miss Garbess, an' I hope you won't blame Tom."

"Will you help me to escape?" questioned Tessie, eagerly.

For a moment the woman looked doubtful, then she leaned forward.

"I will—if I can do it on the sly, and you will promise not to set the police on Tom."

"I'll promise—all I want is to get free."

Mrs. Moore nodded; and as her husband came along just then the subject was dropped.

Now they were out on the broad lake, Tessie was allowed the freedom of the schooner. She went on deck, but finding it blowing and raining, returned to the cabin, feeling a little better, but still far from well.

At noon it was blowing a hurricane, and the two men had all they could do to handle the craft.

"Told ye we wanted another hand," growled Tom Moore to his brother. "If we ain't careful we'll lose a mast, an' more."

"We've seen the wust o' the storm," answered Jim Moore, but he was mistaken, for storms on the lakes are not like those on the Atlantic coast.

The sun was, of course, under a cloud, and new it grew darker and darker, until Tessie, in the cabin, was compelled to light the swinging lantern. Thunder could plainly be heard, and now came vivid flashes of lightning.

"Oh, if only we were on land again," she sighed to Mrs. Moore.

"Yes, it's a dreadfully heavy blow," was the answer from the woman, who sat at her side her. "I hope we ain't struck."

Half an hour went by, and the Gaddy began to toss worse than ever. The wind whistled and the thunder roared, and occasionally they could hear a cry from one of the other of the men.

"Help!" The yell came from Tom Moore. "Help!"

"My husband!" exclaimed Mrs. Moore. "He's in some trouble!" and she started for the companionway. In a moment she had disappeared, leaving Tessie alone.

The frightened girl sat in a stationary chair, holding fast to the sides, for had she let go she must have been dashed against one of the cabin's sides. Again the thunder rolled, and Gaddy almost stood, now under the force of the wind, even though every sail had long since been furled.

It was her minutes later that Tessie heard Mrs. Moore coming down again. She was as pale as a sheet and dropped into a chair like one dead.

"What was the trouble?" questioned Tessie, but for the moment, the woman could not utter a word. Seeing she was about to faint, Tessie rushed to her assistance and did what she could to revive her.

"Husband—overboard!" she at last became in a gasp. "Oh, heaven defend us!"

"Overboard—Gaddy almost, now," said Tessie.

"More than likely. Oh, what a voyage— I knew it would end unhappily if he followed Jim's advice."

"Did Jim see him go?"

"Oh, no, but that is not all. Miss Garbess. Jim's overboard, too!"

"Both, and the boat—"

"Yes, both. We are left on this schooner alone."

And now Mrs. Tom Moore fell back again, completely overcome.

Tessie could not speak or move. Here was a dire and unlooked for situation, truly. Two helpless women on an unmanned vessel, drifting there was no telling where. What would become of them?

This stirring story will be continued in next week's Ledger.

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Most of us know we could achieve more if we considered our own personal comfort less.

THE RAINBOW BRIDGE.

A Legend From the Myths of the Great North-Land.

BY EDWARD COURTNEY.

Heimdall, the guardian of Asgard, the rainbow bridge of Asgard, is a stranger to you, but perhaps you have wondered how he came to be? Many are the wonderful and, perhaps, too, you would like to know even more about him, or you do of the other deities of Northern Mythology.

To begin, then, at the beginning of his life, we must go back to a lovely day in early spring, when Odin was walking by the seashore. There he beheld the nine seamaidens, the Waves, and so beautiful were they that he wedded them, and Heimdall was their child. As the old Edda says of him:

Born was I of mothers nine;
Son am I of sisters nine.

Immediately upon Heimdall attained his full growth and stature, and clad in a snow-white armor, he repaired to Asgard to join his father, Odin. Here he attended the abode of the gods just as they had finished making the bridge Bifrost, and looking out of fire and air, and sea, and word contemplating the result of their labors. They looked at its beautiful colors, the sad showing the fire, the blue, the air, and the green, the depths of the sea, and in a moment she had at their handiwork, at its great beauty, and wondered what purpose there for it, of these all.

It was then that Heimdall appeared on the scene. His shining armor made the bridge give more brightly, and seeing this he smiled, when a glory crown of light seemed spread Bi-frost, that all the gods turned away to shade their eyes. And then they beheld Heimdall, and saw that it was the radiance from his armor that shed around the glow over the bridge.

Do you wonder then that they made him warden of the Rainbow Arch? He was so beautiful himself, so light, and bright, and graceful, that they almost mistook him for Baldur, the god of Day.

Being the son of the Waves, he was connected with the Vanas, and so he was gifted with all knowledge, and more the gods gave him keenness of hearing, so that he could hear the grass grow, or the wool on the sheep's backs, and they gave him wonderful vision, so that he could see a hundred miles, by night as well as by day. Then he was presented with a swift steed, golden-maned, called Gull-top, and on it thereafter, he rode to and fro, every day, over the quivering, iridescent bridge of colors.

He was further provided with a shining, flashing sword, and one of his gifts was the wonderful Giallar horn, which he was to blow at the first approach of their enemies, the Frost and Mountain Giants.

Blew he ever so softly upon this golden horn, all the waters, the heavens, the sea, and the earth, would hear; and they would all be roused to action. For the sound would proclaim that the last great fight had come; that the giants were approaching; that Loki and his vast progeny had broken loose from their bonds, and that Evil, unchained, was about to confront the Good. But Heimdall did not blow his part yet. The shadow of Twilight had not yet approached, to dim his bright abiding place. So he would hang the wonderful horn on a branch of the great tree, Yggdrasil, under the shade of which the bridge ended; and then the horn glowed from the reflection of the crescent moon.

Or he would sink it deep in Mimir's well, beside the all-seeing eye of Odin, at the root of the tree; and there it was reflected into the sky, which looked like the moon at its full. So Heimdall had the horn ever at his hand, by day and by night, for he slept little, and less rest and less sleep than a bird.

His palace was built on the highest point of the Rainbow Arch, under the Urdar Gunn, and from it he could look over the universe. Here the gods visited him daily, to quaff the delicious mead that was set before them by the fair Iduna, or to see his smile; or perhaps they would only see him standing, with Gull-top at Bi-frost on his mettlesome steed, whose golden hoofs rang and flung sparks of fire, as he reared and pawed and bounded from the bridge.

So Heimdall's days passed pleasantly enough for a long time; but one night he had an adventure. As he sat silently watching and listening, only the stars and the night for companions, he suddenly heard footsteps, and the sound coming from the direction of Freya's palace. Heimdall's keen vision enabled him to see, in spite of the darkness, who it was Like, who was creeping toward Freya's room. Intending to steal her wonderful necklace, which she wore always about her throat. When the Minstrel-husband perched Freya's bedside, he hesitated, for it happened that the goddess was lying so that he could not reach the necklace without waking her.

Then Heimdall saw Loki's lips move, and saw that he was muttering some charm by which the gods had power to change themselves. Then Heimdall later he began to shrivel up, till he had the size and the form of a flea, and then he bit Freya, through fur and wool, the sleep without arousing.

Immediately resuming his own form, Loki opened the clasp, and held the shining ornament in his hand. But Heimdall had seen it all, and as Loki was trying to make off with the treasure, they his flashing sword and would have slain the thief, but that the wily Loki suddenly transformed himself into a strong blue flame.

Heimdall as quickly changed himself into a dark thunder-cloud, threatening to extinguish the flame in a deluge of rain; but Loki changed into a polar bear, and opened his huge jaws to swallow the rain. Heimdall, too, became a bear, and the two fought a long and desperate battle. Now one seemed to be gaining the advantage, and now the other; but at last, Loki, seeing that evil could not much longer hold out against the shining brightness of Heimdall's [illegible] however, changed his form again this time into a seal, hoping to slip away in that guise.

Heimdall's keen sight, however, easily distinguished the deceiver from the other seals, and changing himself into Loki's counterpart, he again attacked him, and soon forced him to give up the necklace. Having thus recovered the stolen treasure, Heimdall straightway restored it to the gladdened Freya.

Shall I tell you the meaning of this myth? Heimdall, the bright god in snowy armor, the son of the Waves, is, perhaps, the white sea-foam, which, being caught up to heaven as vapor, comes after the shower, the shining Rainbow Arch.

The battle between Loki is typical of the drought, which, with the too ardent rays of the sun, threatens to steal from Freya, the earth her treasure of fruitfulness, the harvest. And then Heimdall appears as the gentle and refreshing rain, which vanquishes the drought and restores to Freya her necklace of beauty and wealth.

Domestic Bubbles.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you, Dick," said Mr. Harden at the breakfast table, "I saw Dick Foster at the club yesterday and—"

"Jack Harden, you unmitigated faithfully to give up that horrid club," said his wife in a resentful tone.

"And I have not broken my promise. I was passing the club when I met Foster and we called me. I stopped to speak with him, and only invited me to go to the theater with us."

"And you would, you'd go. I thought in giving up the club you'd give up the theater, too. Oh, gods marvelous, I'm off somewhere when you ought to be at home with your wife and your daughter for a treatment for this evening. Aunt Cordelia invited us here to dinner and I want you to, of course you prefer the theater to dining with my relative, but I shall not go alone. It's a great pity if a lady can't have any husband's company once in a while."

"I don't see why you should object to Dick Foster, he's a splendid fellow and I like him. Mrs. Foster is a nice, jolly little woman, and—"

"Well, I don't fancy these jolly little married women. I dare say she is a bold, forward piece."

"Bah, you are unjust. You don't know her or you would not talk so. She tries to be pleasant to her husband's friends."

"That implies that I do not. Well, I'm not in love with them, and especially Dick Foster, I wanted you particularly to go to Aunt Cordelia's tonight, and I don't see how we can get it any longer, as we have the theater. You I don't know her very well but I don't like her looks."

"I think she is quite pretty."

"Pretty! Gallop taught! No character."

"She is quite lively and good-natured."

"A married flirt, I suppose."

"Well, I am sorry you don't like her. She made so such remarks about you, but said she would like to know you better, and for that especial reason Dick invited us to go to the theater with them this evening."

"Let them! You never said I was invited."

"Didn't I? Well, you hardly gave me the chance. But if you made the excuse to avoid meeting to dine at your Aunt Cordelia's, of course we were bound to have a quiet so they can invite some one else to use the tickets."

"What play are we going to see."

"I'll, you're going, are you?"

"What a question! Let people buy tickets for us and then not go?"

"But Aunt Cordelia—"

"I'll send her word we will come some other time."

"But you don't like Mrs. Foster, and I would rather cancel the engagement. I have to spend a disagreeable evening in her society."

"Jack, you old goose! If she seems to favorably impressed with me as to want to know me better, I dare say she has good qualities."

"I'll be bound she has."

"I think he is real good-looking, and if you find him such a splendid fellow, I guess I will too."

"Then it's settled, is it?"

"Why, certainly. I'll go at once and write to Aunt Cordelia."

And Jack went down to his office remarking to himself:

"It makes all the difference in the world whether a woman is in it herself or not."

Beginning the Year

With pure, rich, healthy blood, which may be had by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, you will not need to fear attacks of pneumonia, bronchitis, fevers, colds or the grip. A few bottles of this great tonic and blood purifier, taken now, will be a perfect protection against spring humors, boils, eruptions, that dread terror, scrofula, and also to which a weak and debilitated system is especially liable in the spring season. Hood's Sarsaparilla eradicates from the blood all scrofula taints, tones and strengthens the stomach, cures dyspepsia, sick headache, and every ailment caused or promoted by impure or depleted blood.

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Popping the Question.

The question grave to her I popped,
Her answer was a "No."
And yet within my heart there cropped
No trace of pain or woe.

If yes or no—I didn't care,
I simply asked the maid:
"Well, now, I like this underwear.
But will the color fade?"

BREAD OR BULLETS.

A Story of the Bloody Strike at Virden---The Tyranny of Greed---Love and Innocence in the Toils.

By JOHN R. MUSICK.

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens just previous to the bloody and historic strike at Virden, Illinois, and the attempt of the operators to displace the white miners with negro laborers. Turner Slotham, a mine owner, is engaged to be married to Mollie O'Neil, the daughter of a widow, whose husband had been murdered by a gang of tough negroes. Mollie does not love Slotham but has given her heart to Virgil Miller, a young miner. Slotham, seeing that the strike is coming, bribes Tom Flynn, a miner, to kill Virgil during the expected fight. The miners prevent the landing of negroes and a battle ensues. Virgil Miller falls with many others, but the shot does not prove fatal. Negroes, hired by Slotham, abduct Mollie O'Neil, hiding her in a mine at Ardmore, where her abductors are followed by Virgil and his men. They are fired upon and one man wounded. The abductors escape and Virgil returns to Virden. Slotham, who has been wounded, gets the guards under surveillance. Virgil escapes from the town and with two men starts in search of Mollie. He meets Slotham, who denies everything. While searching for Mollie in the woods Virgil finds a badly wounded negro and he inspects it two men, hired by Slotham, creep upon him to murder him. The intended murderer is shot dead by John Alberts, a friend of Virgil's men. Slotham's men discover a hut in the woods and, believing Mollie to be hidden there, Virgil determines to enter it. An old crone with a baby within tells him. He does not find Mollie and is presently taken prisoner.

CHAPTER XV.

GOVERNOR TANNER ON THE STRIKE.

The negro dropped on one knee to place the cocked pistol to the head of the helpless prisoner, while Virgil looked in his eye and said:

"Ike—don't do that!"

He spoke in such a firm tone of command that the negro let the muzzle of his weapon drop, and his breath came quick and short.

"Ike, if you had done that you would be a murderer, and would have been hung."

"Huh! Why, nobody seen me."

"Yes, there is one who sees you."

"Not me an he ain't, by golly, I put a bullet through um."

"You can't find him; he sees you and will report on you if you harm me."

"I kill um, too," cried the excited, trembling negro, starting up with his revolver in his hand as if to shot someone.

"One back, Ike, you can't see him."

"Yes, I come back and shoot you."

"No, sit down, I want to talk with you. Don't you know if you were to kill me Slotham would have you hung for it?"

"He not know it."

"Didn't he order you not to harm me?" asked Virgil, as if he had positive proof of it.

Along that Slotham was at the back of the abduction.

"He did not know anything 'bout it."

"Yes he would. Now he wants to get Mollie away without taking life, while he arranged you to abduct her, he did so much with the intention of paying you a big money. Isn't it so?"

Virgil had touched a vulnerable point of the negro's armor.

"I 'spose he would."

This was as much as an admission that Slotham was the prime mover in the affair. Virgil determined to put on a bold front and try through the negro's cupidity to win him over to his side.

"Ike, how much is he to pay you?"

"Don't know. It's a whole lot, enuff to keep me drunk long as I live, an' dat's all any nigger ever need for want."

"But I'm five you more if you will serve me, Ike."

"What ye want me ter do?"

"Tell me where the girl is, and I will pay you money then he has. Don't you know Slotham cannot make good his promises to you?"

"Why?"

"He has no money."

"But it 'spose—"

"What paper?"

"Why, dat insurance paper dat he tell about, ye know; he say dat he make her sign dat paper and den he git de money an' we all go off."

This was a startling and at the same time a puzzling revelation to Virgil.

What insurance paper did the rascal mean? He knew that he had to proceed very cautiously or the cunning brute with whom he had to deal would discover his motive, and then his mouth would be shut tight as a clam. He insisted that the paper was worthless.

"But him say de insurance be paid 'cos de man are dead, an' he kin lib de premium so long an' dat she assign it all to him he git de money."

All at once it dawned like a flash of sunlight on his mind that the rascal referred to a life insurance policy on the life of Mollie's father. He assumed a bold manner and said:

"Ike, he is playing you for a sucker. You can be sure of that. He will use you just long as he can get the money and leave you boys go to the penitentiary."

The words had their effect on Ike, and gradually Virgil gained considerable information, in fact, all except the whereabouts of Mollie. The negro insisted that she was not in the forest, but he refused to tell where she was.

He was a half-halting, half-doubting frame of mind when the trampling of horses' feet fell on his ears, and he had just time to fly into the bush and conceal himself when John Alberts and Phil Mussen came up.

They quickly released their companion, who told his story, and the woods were scoured for the negroes, but without avail. Ike had concealed himself so effectually that he could not be found.

Virgil shortly recovered from the effects of his encounter. His clothing was still damp, but the weather was not disagreeably cold, so he did not suffer very much inconvenience from it.

They found their other companion and the four held a counsel, in which Virgil told what he had learned from Ike.

"I am going to see Governor Tanner," he said. "He is the friend of the miners, and when I lay before him the abominable conduct of this man Slotham, he will aid me to find the missing girl."

None of them knew where Governor Tanner was. The political campaign had opened and he might be on the stump. Virgil left his three friends to watch the supposed abductor and went to Virden. There he learned that Governor Tanner would not day speak at Murphysboro, and he went there.

Owing to the delay of getting proper train connections he did not reach Murphysboro until the governor had already commenced speaking. The hall was packed, but Virgil

"The devil," gasped the cornered villian.

crowded into it and secured a good position for hearing the speaker.

He concluded his remarks with the following:

"My fellow citizens, I want to talk a little about this, because the version of this Virden affair which has gone to the public has been prejudicial to the executive of the state. This state was accepting the operators and operatives all over Illinois, and they all proceeded to work except at two points, Pana and Virden. It is charged that the primary cause of the trouble was struck. That is not true; they were locked out.

"A waiting process began. The mine operators would not pay the miners what everybody else paid, but they shut down. They made the miners no proposition, until, finally, when these men were almost reduced to starvation, they applied to the arbitration board, created by law as the only lawful forum in this state to settle such questions, like the strikes at Pana and Virden, in some way, they failed to get into the court, from some cause or other, but the arbitration board was called. It went to Pana and summoned the mine owners and miners to come before the board. The miners came, as law-abiding citizens, but the operators refused.

"The miners set their case before the arbitration board, and while the rate fixed by the congress was forty cents, by reason of the advantages to the mine the board fixed the rate at thirty-three cents. The miners said all right, we will accept it and go to work. The mine owners said no. We will import labor to run our own mines. They did import labor. It looked as if there were going to be a riot at Pana, and they did have something of a riot, but no one was hurt, and to preserve the peace I sent soldiers with instructions to maintain the peace, but under no circumstances to act as agents for the operators to import labor.

"Later on Virden became the storm center and the sheriff telegraphed for troops, saying there was going to be a terrible riot, he was unable to maintain peace, etc. I inquired into the facts and found that these locked-out miners were there; their homes were there. I instructed them not to bear arms. I learned that they had arms in the stockade and I telegraphed the sheriff to know if he was deputizing any person not a citizen of Macoupin county. He said 'No.' I have found out since that he did not tell me the truth. I told him that no man had a right to act as deputy sheriff, to bear his commission as deputy sheriff in Macoupin county, and that citizenship meant that he had lived in Illinois twelve months and in Macoupin county thirty days.

"Later I got a telegram from the sheriff that trouble was imminent; that he must have soldiers to maintain order. Then I called him up over the telephone and asked him if it were the intention of the mine owners to import labor. He said that Mr. Lukens was there and could speak for himself. Lukens came to the telephone and said:

"Mr. Lukens, what is your purpose? If I send troops there do you propose to import labor?'

"'Yes,' he replied. 'I propose to handle my own property, run my own mine in my own way, and I will bring in that imported labor at the point of the bayonet and the muzzle of the Winchester.'

"I said to him, 'Mr. Lukens, you are making the mistake of your life. You must not do this. If you bring in those armed men and precipitate a riot and anybody is killed in a pre-personally liable and criminally responsible for whatever may happen.'

"He brought the men that afternoon, one hundred and fifty or one hundred. Negro criminals from Alabama, criminals and colliers. Let me say to you, my fellow citizens, that the character of miners I see before me today, the good miners of the state of Illinois, will never load themselves into a car like cattle and come over to another state under armed guards.

"The bringing of these men, this armed mob, a formidable army of fifty or sixty

The young miner was almost sick with disgust at sight of him.

"The scoundrel is all things to all men. A policy man, he who did more than anyone else to stir up this strife, is now posing as a virtuous reformer. Oh, ye villain, I will yet dig a pit under your feet that will sink you to perdition."

Virgil followed the governor to his hotel, and then indicted a respectful note asking to see him in regard to a very important matter which he could not communicate in writing.

In a few moments he was granted an interview, and found the governor seemingly one of the most kind-hearted men he had ever met. He listened carefully and attentively to all Virgil had to tell, and when he had concluded he said:

"You shall have the full force of the executive of the state to discover this mystery, Mr. Miller. It is a matter which your sheriff would attend to if he had not the fearful strike on hand. Go ahead yourself, and if it is necessary to kill the abductors you shall not be harmed by the laws for doing so, while I am governor. But the taking of life must be necessary and it must be done in the rescuing of the unfortunate young woman whom the negroes abducted."

Virgil thanked him, bowed himself out, and went out to hunt Slotham.

CHAPTER XVI.

SLOTHAM CORNERED.

The young miner felt greatly encouraged by his interview with the governor, and set out with a lighter step and heart that was greatly strengthened.

He met John Alberts again and sent a message to John Alberts at the point nearest where his three friends were, asking Alberts to remain with him at the hut for the others to remain.

Virgil's plans had been changed by the fact that Slotham had purchased a ticket to Virden. He knew that he was not gone to Virden for nothing, so he was only one train behind him.

On his arrival he went to the hut of Granny Kitchen, but she was gone. On inquiry he learned that Granny Kitchen had left on the same night Slotham had been seen in conversation with her, and he very wisely came to the conclusion that that confounded old hag had something to do with her sudden departure.

Virgil next went to the home of Mrs. O'Neil, who he had not seen since the morning after Mollie's abduction.

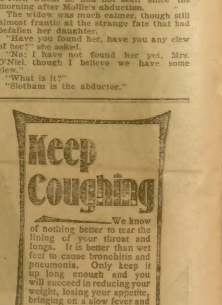
The widow was much calmer, though still almost frantic at the strange fate that had befallen her daughter.

"Have you found her, have you any clew of her?" she asked.

"No; I have not found her yet, Mrs. O'Neil, though I believe we have some clew."

"What is it?"

"Slotham is the abductor."


Keep Coughing
We know of nothing better to rear the lining of the throat and lungs. It is better than wet feet to cause bronchitis and pneumonia. Only keep it up long enough and you will succeed in reducing your weight, losing your appetite, bringing on a slow fever and making everything exactly right for the germs of consumption.
Some coughing and you will get well.
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Ask your druggist for one of
Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plaster.
It will aid the action of the Cherry Pectoral.
If you have any complaint whatever and desire the best medical advice you can obtain, write the doctor freely. You will receive a prompt reply that may be of great value to you. Address,
DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

"I believed it. I believed it all along," she declared. "That rascal was here."

"When?"

"Not two hours ago."

"What was he here for?"

"He asked me a whole lot of questions. I don't know what they were about, and I don't care. I want Mollie."

"Mrs. O'Niel, it may be very important and necessary to the safety of Mollie that you remember what he said."

"He told a whole pack o' lies."

"Well, I don't doubt that, but then I am quite certain that some hint he let drop might prove a clew to my trapping the rascal."

"He asked me if I was real anxious to have Mollie back, and I told him yes."

"Then he said he believed he could aid me some, that he had had a hint from somebody of some place that Mollie was abducted for money."

"But she has no money."

"No."

"Will she inherit any?"

"Impossible, for all our kin folks are as poor as Job's turkey. There's not one o' 'em that will leave anything behind when they die but a dozen young ones to be looked after."

"Well, he did he say the abductors expected to be rewarded for the abduction?"

He said he did not know exactly, but that it had been hinted that there was some sort of a paper which, if Mollie and I would sign, we would get her back. That is, we were to sign a paper and agree not to prosecute the people who took her away. He said he had been working on the case a long time and that he had done all he could to help us."

Virgil was silent for a moment, and then said:

"Mrs. O'Niel, I know you are a very impulsive woman and that you would sometimes without thinking. I want to request of you to make no engagement with him at once, and agree to sign the papers."

"Why?"

"He is telling what is true. I have heard of that paper. Did your husband have his left forefinger?"

"I don't know."

"Did he ever say anything about it to you?"

"No."

"Was not this fellow here before he died trying to get his life insured?"

"Yes, he invited him nearly to death, as he did everybody else."

"I need not tell the light, Mrs. O'Niel; will you obey me in this—will you trust me?"

"Yes."

"Then agree to meet him tomorrow night and tell him to bring the paper, you will sign it and write a note to be sent to Mollie to sign."

"But will that help us?"

"I will be in this house concealed, and when he draws the paper will snatch it from him and lock him up if he don't tell us where Mollie can be found."

"I'll do it, Virgil; I am afraid he will do you some harm."

"Have no fear. I will be here with John Alberts, my partner not only in toil but also in danger in sympathy as two will be in hope, for he say he would come back?"

"Yes, he said he would come tonight and would tell him me whole story in a better humor."

"Then fix an appointment with him for tomorrow night and have him bring the papers he wants you to sign. He can do it."

"I will."

He left her and went to the hotel, where he found Alberts, and they held a long consultation and agreed to keep out of sight until they had trapped Slotham. They saw him on the street that night and showed him to the widow's house. They went near enough to hear a part of what was said, and when they heard from the house, tracked him to the long deserted shanty, where he had held the first interview. There he met the one-eyed negro, He, a negro with a scar on his face, and another whose face was badly pock-marked.

While in consultation with them in a tone of voice too low for our friends to hear what they said, their manner and gestures told them much. He took from his pocket a large official envelope and took from it a life insurance policy, which he opened up and seemed explaining to them something.

"I must get nearer to hear," said Virgil, whispered Virgil, and then crept away from him toward the hut. When he got near enough he heard the rascal say:

"You gulled him nine years ago for two or three hundred dollars. Here is a paper which you took from the body and I found in your possession. It was a policy on his life which I had induced him that day to take out. After you have got it to me I kept it and paid up the premiums fast as they fell due, and now it is worth sixteen or seventeen thousand. This the old woman says she will assign to me tomorrow night and then the girl's name will be signed and we can draw the money on it."

Virgil heard no more, he was dazed at the boldness of the rascals plan and he crept back to his companion, whispering:

"We've got 'em."

The evening came for Mr. Slotham to call on the widow to have the papers finally fixed up for the transfer. He came and the widow was greatly agitated, as he expected she would be. She asked him a number of questions, and wanted to know all about the paper and where Mollie was.

"I can't tell you where Mollie is, for I don't know, madam. I am doing all I can to help you and hope you won't balk me in this movement. You see this is a great risk I run in dealing with rascals. Here is a life insurance policy executed in favor of your husband on the day before he was murdered. It seems all right, and is for fifteen thousand dollars. The premiums have all been paid up to date. Now I offer this policy on the face of it seems good, though it may not be worth a cuss, and candidly I don't believe is is, yet the people who want it are willing to release Mollie if you will assign it to them."

"Where is Mollie?" she asked.

She don't deserve it, after acting as a sort of middle man."

"Maybe if I did sign it they wouldn't give her up."

"Oh, yes, they will. I will guarantee she will return home, for then they could have no other object in keeping her."

"To whom shall I assign it?" asked the widow, dipping her pen in the ink.

"Well, I believe you'd better just transfer it temporarily to me, and then, you see, I can hold it over them to make them give her up."

"Do you think I had better do it?"

"Certainly you will not!" cried Virgil, leaping from an adjoining room, with a pistol in his hand.

The dead stepped the cornered villain.

This strong and fascinating story will be finished in the next issue of the Ledger.

PATTI.

The Dainty Milliner Who Practiced First on Her Doll.

BY MAI PETTUS

Patti was a queer little girl. She rarely associated with other children. She lived in a large old-fashioned house with only her grandmother, Mrs. Crayton.

Mrs. Crayton was very rich. Long ago she had sold her horses and carriage. Now she sat all day in a rocking chair by a window near the open window, while her small white hands were always busy with some delicate embroidery or fancy needlework. Patti. So long as the child remained within hearing distance she was constantly scolded and freedom. So she grew up without training, but with the free, wild, graceful carelessness of the clambering rosebush that wafted in its rich fragrance through the low French windows.

Mrs. Crayton had once been wealthy, and it was whispered among the neighbors that even now she had large sums of money stored away in hidden places, for that is it may, she lived very quietly, never received company, and made no repairs in the grand old house, that like herself showed signs of decay. Patti went to the public school, or stayed at home, as she liked—and she preferred staying at home.

Mrs. Crayton liked dolls, and had the children were so rude, and stared at her and made unkind remarks about her dress.

But nothing kept Patti from attending church on Sunday, and there she was always in the place. Like some others, she was very much attracted toward the devotional spirit, but it was like looking at a picture, she said, to see the ladies in their beautiful and costly dresses and their richly trimmed hats. Monday was always a busy day with Patti. She had a family of dolls. Now the pretty-faced toys we see in the shops, but a nondescript collection of her own manufacture, varying in size from a pillow down to the smallest doll that was ever made, as busy as the most fashionable mother trying to keep up with the fads.

The great old oakers bureau and the cedar chests were filled with the dainty garments and soft beautiful materials that had come to two pretty aunts, who had died in early womanhood. Patti knew the history of everything, but she was as economical as the old woman herself, and had carefully preserved everything of value, for that will be needed by and by, she said. She carried her dolls to church Sunday, and by the time she was twelve years old she could make a complete outfit from it and for her dolls. In her weekly trips to the town grocer's she would frequently stop to pass by the milliner's shop, and would always stop and look at the new hats in the window. Then she would whole days remodeling the old hats her aunts had worn two decades before. She also endeavored to make the old hats, with their worn trimmings, look like new. Instead of being seized her and she trembled with the ecstasy of a new desire. When she stood before the mirror and tried it to me I kept it and paid up the premiums fast as they fell due, and now it is worth sixteen or seventeen thousand. This the old woman says she will assign to me tomorrow night and then the girl's name will be signed and we can draw the money on it."

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"I can't tell you where Mollie is, for I don't know, madam. I am doing all I can

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PUZZLE

FIND THE PRINCESS.

The above picture closely resembles many real designs in the woods on children's clothing. Can you find the Princess? Look carefully and you may find her. Many the prizes we will give away to those who find her. Send your answer at once. If you are successful, you can at once secure one of these prizes. Remember, there is a grand result, somewhere hid, and the puzzler succeed it is no work for you to find it. Many prizes will be given away. Send your answer at once. IMMEDIATELY, and we will also send you free one of our beautiful pins, as shown in the illustration, below. Name this.

Number 1 is an oval ruby with a small pearl. Number 2 is a very unique beautiful fire and luster in the stones.

Number 3 is a gem of rare beauty. It has a genuine Arkansas diamond in the center, surrounded by eight Alexandrite stones. Number 4 is a beautiful shield-like star of a small pearl. The diamond and the pearl are set in a Tiffany style.

No. 5 is the same as No. 3, only it has a heart-shaped turquoise instead of a diamond.

No. 6 is the favorite sword pin. It has an oval colored stone in the hilt and a sun-burst and Arabic diamond in the handle guard. This is a very beautiful pin, indeed.

This and TWO pins for another, when you have found the princess in the picture. Send your answer at once. Address, Box 1000, Chicago.

If you are successful, you can at once secure the pins and we will refund your money.

The remainder of the 6 pins is under the control of the paper in connection to BOYCE'S MONTHLY, which we are trying to build up to 1,000,000 circulation. Send 10 cents and copy immediately to Boyce's Monthly, Chicago.

BOYCE'S MONTHLY, Boyce Building, CHICAGO.

The Short One (after noting the distance between the "palate of the soup" and digestive apparatus of his friend)—Say, you are too far away from your source of supply.

The Tall One—You presume a great deal for so short an acquaintance.

Positively Insulting.

"I know the pumpkin pie was rather thin as to filling," said the landlady, almost crying, "but I don't think he had any right to say what he did."

"What did he say?" asked the second table boarder.

"He asked me if I didn't think that the piecrust would be improved if it had another coat of paint."

Compliment.

"The manner in which you restrained yourself was masterly," exclaimed the Spanish diplomat.

"You mean from resenting the slights put upon my country," said the Peace Commissioner.

"No. From getting into an undignified hurry to grab that twenty million."

You Poor Thing.

"Do you have any faith in this idea that maladies can be transmitted by kissing?" asked one of Dorcas's young society men of another.

"Well, sir, I was mighty skeptical till the other night. I kissed my best girl for the first time in my life and I've had palpitation of the heart ever since."—Detroit Journal.

No Room for Doubt.

"Upon what ground do you testify that this colored man is not a peaceable citizen?"

"Because, sir," answered Colonel Stillwell, "he comes from the same community that I do. And I have personal knowledge that he was always looking for trouble. He used to try to vote at every election."

Awful Waste.

Einstein—Ikey, you must not vear your spees all de time.

Ikey—Vy not, fader?

Einstein—Because you vear der glass out vere dey vorn through it so much.

Deacon Cornwal—Say, bub, where'll I find a good high place to get a fine view of the town from?

Bub—Stay right where yer be for 'bout five seconds.

When Dewey Comes to Town.

When Dewey comes to town, you bet,
There'll be a hot old time,
For drums will beat and bells will toot
And cannon belch in chime.
We'll wine him an' we'll dine him
An' tote him up an' down,
Till he won't know what he's up against,
When
Dewey
Comes
To
Town.

Oh, the hero of Manila
Is a modest kind of peach
An' like enough he'd stammer
If he had to make a speech;
But when it comes to fighting
He's entitled to the crown,
An' the folks'll wake him wear it,
When
Dewey
Comes
To
Town.

Weighed and Found Wanting.

"Our neighbors are shiftless people."

"How do you know?"

"When I go over to borrow anything they never have it."

Too Much.

"Did your girl give you the glad hand?"

"Yes, and a mitten with it."—Life.

A Southern Expedient.

"Drawing the color line.

Disadvantage of Modern Improvements.

Hungry Hawkins—Tell you wot, Weary; dese modern improvements ain't wot dey's cracked up to be. If dis town had 'lectric lights we'd a had to eat cold sum.

Cheerful Giver.

Hewitt—It is more blessed to give than to receive.

Jewett—That's just what a pugilist is thinking when he delivers a blow and lands one on his opponent's solar plexus.—Judge.

Intellectual.

"There are no fools in Boston."

"Certainly not. Why, I never saw a Bostonian yet of whom it could truthfully be said that he didn't know beans."

And Won.

"Didn't the bride get a fine lot of presents?"

"Yes, indeed. She played her cards well."

A CONFUSING TONGUE.

Mrs. Vanderslang—Now, tell me, Count, how do you like America?

Count Parleyvoo—Ah, chere madam, your gumtry ant your ladees are charmant—but your language—your idioms—I can not at all comprehend. You say, when your butter is goot vet ees vresh, ant dat your leedle poy ees vresh when hee's spoiled.—Puck.

Erratic Weather.

O, blame it not with language bold;
Let courage be strong
No matter if it's hot or cold,
'Tis sure to change ere long.

Still Going.

"I lost my watch in the river three years ago and it is still running."

"The river?"

"The installment jeweler's bill."

And Ministerial, Too.

The Bachelor—Well, how did your battle with the coquette come out?

The Newly Made Benedict—It was a tie.

Learn to say "No" when a doctor offers you something "just as good" in place of Hood's Sarsaparilla. There can be no substitute for America's Greatest Medicine.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache, biliousness and all liver ills. Price 25 cents.

Of Course.

Belle—Would you allow a man to kiss you?

Maude—I'm—well, I think it is our duty to—er—make allowances for the weakness of mankind, you know.

Similar Cruelties.

Mr. Brox—In ancient times the—ah—broke wretches on the wheel.

Mr. Manhattan—Was that the precursor of that modern barbarity, the six-day bicycle race?

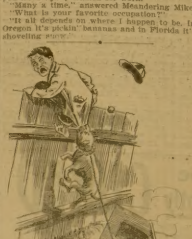
Waiting to Work Somebody.

"You say," remarked the pedestrian, "that you have vainly wished for work."

"Many a time," answered Meandering Mike.

"What is your favorite occupation?"

"It all depends on where I happen to be. In Oregon it's pickin' bananas and in Florida it's shoveling snow."



Only Good One.

"Where we old fellows used to say 'honest Injun,' the modern kid says 'on the dead.'"

"Well, you know, the only good Injun is the dead Injun."

More Satisfying to Her.

He (very much gone)—There's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream.

She—I don't know. Mixed chocolates are pretty good.

Patient Waiting No Loss.

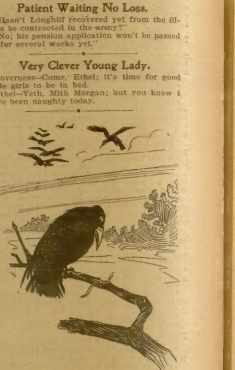
"Hasn't Longhill recovered yet from the illness he contracted in the army?"

"No. His pension application won't be passed on for several weeks yet."

Very Clever Young Lady.

Governess—Come, Ethel; it's time for good little girls to be in bed.

Ethel—Yeth, Mith Morgan; but you know I have been naughty today.



My friends have flown: have left me, but I guess they all have caws.

Joke Here Somewheres

Amaris—If I leave thee I die.
Phyllis—Leave thy fortune, then.
Amaris—Thou art my fortune.
Phyllis—Then leave me.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY,

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

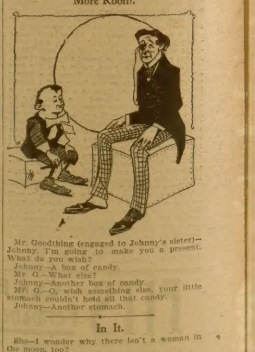
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Partially Successful.

"Tell me, doctor, were you successful with that patient on the next block?"

"Partially so. I cured him, but I haven't succeeded in getting any money out of him yet."

More Room.



Mr. Goodthing (engaged to Johnny's sister)—Johnny, I'm going to make you a present. What do you wish?

Johnny—A box of candy.

Mr. G.—What else?

Johnny—Another box of candy.

Mr. G.—O, with something else, your little stomach couldn't hold all that candy.

Johnny—Another stomach.

In It.

She—I wonder why there isn't a woman in the moon, too?

He—There is—in the honeymoon.

And there was.—Judge.

"The majority of men fancy they could succeed better if they only had somebody else's capacity.

AT POSSUM RUN.

Ike Quigley's Articles Describing School Days and Funny Happenings There.

NO. 2.

For several weeks the Possum Run neighborhood had been enjoying extremely cold weather. The pond near the schoolhouse had frozen over and at the noon hour and recess the pupils cut the figure 8 and the fire-spotted rink was well called them to their lessons in the little schoolroom. Sammy Smuds was probably the best skater in the school. Sammy had rosy cheeks and wore a gunseal air that made him a favorite with the girls. They would often stand and watch him skim around the pond, turning here and there as though he was born with skates on his feet. He would sometimes slow up in front of the girls and grab one and the two would go zig-zagging away hand in hand, while those that had been missed would break out into uncontrollable laughter with no apparent reason except that girls will laugh on the slightest chance.

About the height of the skating season Sammy Smuds fell sick. He lay at home, cuddled up in bed, covered with great quilts, while his mother gave him catnip tea and large doses of pepper to break his cold. Most every day after school a group of girls would file up the short lane leading to the Smuds farmhouse to inquire the state of Sammy's health.

"Aw, no, I ain't sick." Sammy would invariably remark; "I jest got a cold and mother's got me in bed here and won't let me get up."

"He had a slight touch of fever yesterday," remarked Mrs. Smuds, late one afternoon when a group of girls had called.

"Fever!" the girls chorused. Then Millie Williams remarked: "Brother John had the fever last spring and his head was awfully hot." Here she walked boldly up and laid her hand on Sammy's forehead.

When Millie did this Sammy thought that one of the picture-book angels was ministering to him, and when she finally took her hand away he felt like shouting for her to put it back again. After this afternoon Sammy's desire to get back to the schoolroom was stronger than ever.

About a week after Millie Williams had placed her hand on his head Sammy walked into school. He strove with all his might to look his best, conscious of the fact that Millie was looking at him. The teacher gave him a smile and proudly came down and talked to him, remarking that she was glad he was able to come to school again, meanwhile patting him on the head while she gave out words to the spelling class, which was roared in a row in front of the rostrum.

As the weeks passed away Sammy grew strong again and the paleness left his cheeks, to the delight of Millie. The two skated on the pond together, without even a school villain to come between them. When commencement day came Millie stood up and read a composition entitled: "George Washington: What His Life Teaches Us." When Samme's turn came he recited, "We Are Seven," which he had memorized from Mc Guffy's Fourth Reader. During the time he recited the pathetic story of the girl Sammy felt the all-pervading presence of Millie dressed in white and occasionally wondered how it came that she was without the wings that angels always wear.

Some weeks after the school term Mr. Smuds sold his farm and made arrangements to move to the city. The day before they were to leave Sammy went down back of the Williams field and gazed at the Williams house across on the other side. A gentle south wind was waving the green wheat, but Sammy did not notice this. Finally he saw the form of Millie as she stood in the door to take some bones from a plate to the dog. This reminded him that it was after dinner time, and he went home. On the way he formed the idea—which he never carried out—of telling his father that he would not leave the farm, but that he would stay and hire out to the man who had purchased the place.

The next day the wagon was loaded and hurried leave-takings were progressing in the most excited manner. Several of the neighbors had come over to see the Smuds off. Mrs. Smuds called Mrs. Thompson to be sure and come to see her, if she was ever in the city, and remarked to Mrs. Barker that she hoped her husband would be up soon, all in the same breath. Sammy was back on the tail-board, shut out from the view ahead, to see that nothing jostled off on the way to the depot where they were to take the train. Suddenly he heard Millie speaking to his mother—she had come at the last moment to say good-by. Sammy now felt cowardly and he had not opened the field the day before to see her. Presently she came around to where he was huddled.

"I came by the pond," said Millie, her mouth trembling a little, "and the ice is all gone. She looked pale and Sammy felt like the bottom was dropping out of his heart. They clasped hands and he drew her up and planted the first kiss on her cheek and then the wagon started. At the bend of the pond

Possumites on the Ice.

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If you must drink whisky, claim it is for your lungs.

Whatever the Nicaragua canal honestly costs it will be worth it.

Chief the quarantine laws of Chile be revised so as to keep out cheap politicians?

By way of variety, Manila, instead of its usual green this Christmas, has a red, white and blue one this year.

Whenever a girl begins to lecture a young man on financial economy, he can safely ask her to name the happy day.

There are many subjects on which you have no right to have an opinion, for the reason that you know nothing about them!

An old bachelor says there is but one thing sweeter than love's young dream, and that is to wake up and find yourself still single.

Before you go to see a friend in this weather, stop and consider if your visit will be worth enough to repay for the cold air you take in with you.

Uncle Sam would do well to approach in the Christmas spirit the problem as to what he shall do with those youngsters he recently found on his doorstep.

The ignorant Filipino, may be a man without a country, but the peace treaty has been ratified, but he will hardly know the difference now, and when he is ready for citizenship, he will become a citizen of the best country in the world.

Sir Edward Russell has published an interview with Rudyard Kipling, in which he describes the author as having a practised, spruce, athletic, well-groomed little figure. The author is not pleased.

Something bad is sure to happen to the Portland lawyer who went to a church fair last week and, according to a local paper, "never spent a red cent, but carried, an armful of small packages which he wrapped up before he left home and carried them in his arms as he moved from booth to booth to give the impression that he had generously patronized the fair. No one asked him to buy the whole evening, seeing the great number of bundles he had already purchased. And when he returned home he laughed with devilish glee as he unwrapped an old shoe brush, one or two books, a tin dipper, two paintings and a vase for the parlor."

IN TALCOTT'S MILL.

A Fire That Could Not Be Controlled---The Story of a Girl's Bravery---Ruin and Good Fortune.

By CELIA ELIZA SHUTE.

"How's Jamie tonight, mother?"

"A little better, I think. He is sleeping now. That is why I delayed supper, fearing to wake him. Here's a clear robin, Edna. Don't use that one."

Edna Windsor washing her hands at the kitchen sink, took absent-mindedly the coarse crash towel that her mother handed her.

"Jamie has talked continually about you today, dear," added Mrs. Windom, who had caught the unhappy look on her daughter's face.

Edna's eyes filled with tears. She opened a door that was partially ajar, and entered a little room beyond. On the bed lay her little brother. His quick, panting breath and frown of pain on his thin white face testified that he was not the sleep that should belong to childhood.

Edna's tears came again as she saw that his fragile finger clutched closely a little top, made of a match and a button, that she had contrived for him a moment the evening before.

The faint sound she made sobbing caused Jamie's eyes to open suddenly.

"What did you bring me tonight, Edna?" asked he, awake at once.

"When I've made you more comfortable you shall see," answered Edna, raising him with hands that were roughened by work in the mill, yet of touch gentle and strong. When she had settled him back on the pillows she ran out of the room and soon reappeared, dangling a bunch of purple grapes by their stems.

Maisy Roberts brought a basketful to the mill this morning, and gave all the girls it in your room some," said she. "Taste one, dear—it is full of cool juice."

But Jamie demurred, preferring to look at them longer before spoiling the perfect cluster, and Edna went into the kitchen again.

The tripe is done just right," said Mrs. Window, looking up. "If you will take up the potatoes we will sit down."

Edna obeyed distractedly. "I feel as if I wanted nothing but tea tonight," said she. "I helped Mr. Wayne make out the pay roll after hours, and I am tired out."

Mrs. Window colored. "I'm sorry," said she. "I used the last of the tea yesterday."

"Oh, I don't mind," replied Edna. "I almost got my courage to the point of asking Mr. Wayne to advance my money, but he was hurrying to go away, and I thought we could manage until tomorrow."

"And so we can, dear," said her mother, cheerfully. "I really feel that it is selfish in me to expect tea, at all. The doctor's bills are such a tax on you."

Edna rose, ran over to her mother, and hid her face on her shoulder. "When you talk like that," said she, "I think we must be desperately poor. So remember, mother dear, that I do not begrudge you, nor must have your cup of tea every single night."

After washing the last clattering of the town bell awoke Edna, and brought her to her window.

"What is it? A fire?" called Mrs. Windom, sleepily. "Can you see anything, Edna?"

"Yes, people are running down Beaver street, and the sky is very red. I am afraid it is a big one."

"You don't suppose it is the mill?" exclaimed Mrs. Windom, looking out. "It is in that direction."

Edna made no reply. Her face was pressed to the glass, but she drew back suddenly and began to dress herself.

"I'll get Mrs. Pierson and run down and see," said she resolutely. "The light grows brighter every moment."

She thrust her arms into the sleeves of her sack and ran off, her back heavy with apprehension.

"If it is the mill, what will become of us?" she cried to herself, as she went down the street.

"Talcott's mill is going up," cried a girl passing. "They say there's no saving it."

Edna grasped the hastened on with the group to which her informant belonged. There was great confusion in the street. Fire-engines created continual panic, and vehicles of all kinds were dashing in and out, regardless of life and limb. An excited throng occupied the sidewalks; some gave, others betting recklessly on the impending ruin of their prospects.

Edna pressed on. She was a strong, tall girl, and her great interest in the mill gave her added vigor. She spoke to no one. Her face was rigid. A bunch of the throng at the street corner prompted her into Beaver street, where she got her first view of the burning mill.

It was a vast brick building, unpretentious and unbeautiful, overtopped by two chimneys, but its destructions must mean ruin

"Come on!" shouted the men below. "Get the lady out! That wall will cave in any minute!"

The fireman shouted assent, and the next moment Edna was seen to step from the window-ledge and begin to descend. Showers of sparks dropped upon her head and [illegible] and threatened to set fire to her clothing. She had resisted the fireman's offer to carry her down, but he was close at her side, encouraging her as he noted her convulsive clasp of the ladder. The hoarse cries of the throng rose above the crackling of the flames and the sharp crashes that indicated further inroads of the fire.

"A few more steps and we'll be down," said the fireman, kindly. "Jove! Just in the nick of time, though!"

The ladder shook violently. A vivid glare was followed by a hot wave that seemed to take away their breath. The office was at last invaded.

Panic-stricken, Edna gave a frenzied spring down the few remaining rungs of the ladder, bringing the man with her. Someone drew her rapidly away from the dangerous place, and the familiar voice of Mr. Talcott restored her to calmness.

"Well done!" said he. "Not hurt, are you? Good! Did you get anything?"

Edna smiled and touched her pinned-up pockets significantly.

"Everything!" she answered. "Oh, take me away, please!" she added, shrinking from the hundreds of curious eyes bent upon her and the hoarse cries that greeted her movements.

"Ben," said Mr. Talcott to a man who stood near, "tell one of those hackmen to drive round to the corner. We will meet him there. You've done us a great service, Miss Windom," he added, earnestly. "We shall not forget it nor the promised reward, either."

"I am so glad I could do it!" stammered Edna. "What good fortune that I happened to overhear what you said! I should not have thought of the key if I had not."

"'Twas mutual good luck," answered Mr. Talcott. "Here is the hack. I will go round with you and relieve you of your plunder, and then I guess rest won't be un[illegible] if [illegible] is an enforced one."

He pointed as he spoke at the falling building, and Edna's eyes filled with quick tears. "What will the poor people do?" she asked.

"We shall help them until we rebuild," [illegible] And [illegible] are not [illegible] would have been but for you. They will have their money tomorrow, and that will help along wonderfully."

Hearty cheers greeted the passage of the hack through the densely packed streets, and Mr. Talcott smiled as he noticed Edna shrinking into a corner to avoid recognition.

"You're fated to be popular tonight," he [illegible] from [illegible] The [illegible] a state [illegible] stopped before it, sure that some calamity had befallen her daughter, [illegible] scarcely credit Mr. Talcott's account of Edna's brave and fearful deed.

"A [illegible]-headed, plucky girl!" he pronounced her, to her astonished and grateful mother. "We will do well by her when we get started again, and Wayne or I will call tomorrow and make the promised reward a reality."

Edna went in to look at Jamie on her way to bed after she and her mother had talked themselves hoarse. He was sleeping easily.

"How discouraged I felt when I came home last night!" she reflected. "I don't believe I will ever get so disheartened again. Think how things have changed! My wages and the hundred dollars!"—Youth's Companion.

NOT FOR FRIENDS

Are We to Eat What We Don't Want.

A famous physician, in a late article on the subject of health, speaking particularly of the value of good digestion, says:

"Don't eat anything you don't want, even to please your friends.

"Don't be afraid of microbes; they will not hurt you.

"A healthy condition of the stomach makes a healthy skin and a good complexion.

"Learn and practice good habits; they are easy and most pleasant.

"A diet with an eye to acquiring flesh should consist of liquids—milk, water, but [illegible] plenty of [illegible] exercise [illegible]

Another says: "I have [illegible] weak [illegible] cured by leaving off coffee, and hundreds of other cases of nervous troubles like kidney complaints, dyspepsia, liver and heart trouble, and bowel cimplications directly relieved by the abandonment of coffee and the use of Postum Food Coffee.

The alkaloids of coffee are a serious poison to many people and when one finds disease coming on, it is high time to stop the cause and take some natural food like [illegible] rebuilds the [illegible] over the human body. Ten days [illegible] the [illegible] and furnish great relief to the sufferer.

15 and 25 cent packages at grocers.

Hudson Bay Is Disappearing.

Hudson [illegible] the [illegible] a few [illegible] of its [illegible] than any other portion of the earth. Beaches covered with driftwood are found twenty to seventy feet above the bay, and the old harbors have become very shallow.

A Current Rumor.

Hojack—Miss Fosdick is an electrical girl.

Tomdik—What do you mean?

Hojack—You see so many sparks around her every dark night.

THE PRODIGAL DAUGHTER

She Returned From Her Wanderings But to Regret That She Was Late.

Pantomime at the opera house! Genuine, unalloyed pantomime! The little town revelled in the news, business troubles and domestic duties were all but obscured by the effulgence of the blazing posters on the hitherto sombre wall. "Little Bo Peep," in town, now, and scores of pretty girls, strange-visaged men, and occasional glimpses of mysterious paraphernalia carried through the streets.

"It will do mother good," said little Elsie.

Mrs. Jiddings, Elsie's mother, certainly needed relaxation of some kind. Since the disappearance of her daughter three years ago she had never been quite the same, in fact, never promised to be the same cheerful woman again. Grace, the idol of her declining years, had run away from home, with nobody knew whom, and, furthermore, nobody knew why. But she had gone, and in going as nearly brought a broken-hearted mother to her grave as any wayward child, unknowingly or knowingly, ever did.

But on this bright spring morning, with one word, "Pantomime!" on everybody's lips, and sunshine in everybody's heart, Mrs. Jiddings looks at her children fondly, kisses Elsie, and later in the morning, when watering her bright flowers glorious in the promise of spring, she tells her neighbor of her intention.

And the children, dressed in readiness a long time before the patomime commences, endorse often little Elsie's constant reminder: "It will do mother good."

The lights in the theater have blazed into their full brilliancy, again and again the curtain has fallen, and now comes the last act; in one minute, as the stage manager had stepped before the curtain to announce, the transformation scene would be presented.

"Mother," little Elsie whispers through the darkness, "how much like Grace the fairy looked."

Mrs. Jiddings does not respond, and the curtain rolling up reveals the transformation scene. It is one of astonishing beauty. In the [illegible] and [illegible] are opening, revealing pretty girls [illegible] in the rear a large silver shell slowly ascends, with the figure of a girl in green and gold revealed on it. The girl is at a great height from the stage and commands a good view of all present.

"Mother," exclaims little Elsie, "Mother, it is Sister Grace. I am sure of it. See! She is smiling at us!"

The next instant the curtain is down and the [illegible]

[illegible] dispersed itself in its scattered homes, a young girl hastily left the door of the theater and rapidly traversed the streets she knew too well.

"Mother!" calls little Elsie from her bed room, "there is somebody tapping at the door."

The eldest boy, Bob, opens the door and admits a girl whose painted cheeks cause him to open his eyes wide in astonishment.

"Bob," the girl says, "it is your sister, Grace, come home from the pantomime."

Little Elsie has heard and known the voice; in another minute she has dashed into her mother's room. "Mother," she cries; "it is Grace! Sister Grace [illegible] home."

The unexpected prodigal daughter breaking from her brother's arms has sought her mother's room also.

Vainly now the tears of repentance fall, in vain the beseeching eyes look piteously on the calm face looking upward from the pillow. The ruin wrought is beyond mending. Sorrow no more shall bend that good heart in anguish, the shadows of pain have left that sweet face forever.

The prodigal daughter, like many another who goes forth and leaves love to grieve and suffer, has returned too late.

SHE BELIEVES IN ME.

By Jean Lyall.

Of all the pretty maid[illegible]
There's none so sweet [illegible]
That simple, trusting [illegible]
The girl who bel[illegible]

There are some with greater beauty,
And some that wittier be;
But there's only one wee girlie
That ever believed in me.

[illegible]

She's [illegible]
Her years they are but three;
Which may be, is the reason
That she believes in me.

Smallest and Oldest Republics.

Goust is the smallest republic as to area, but Tavolara is the smallest republic as to population. Goust is only one mile in area. It is located on the flat top of a mountain in the [illegible] France and Spain [illegible] tries. It is governed by a president and a council of twelve. It was established in 1648 and [illegible] The president is tax [illegible] assessor and judge. Goust has no church, clergymen or cemetery. The people worship in a church outside of their own territory, and the dead bodies are slid [illegible] valley below. In [illegible] are performed. T[illegible] is an island five [illegible] northeast of Sardinia. It is an island five miles long by a half mile wide. Its total population consists of fifty-five men, women and children. The women go to the polls with the men and elect every year a president and council of six, all serving without pay. The inhabitants support themselves by fishing and raising fruit and vegetables. The republic has no army and no navy.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mental Slivers.

It doesn't take a blooming idiot long to go to seed.

The average Kentuckian is above the high water mark.

When the king loses he always comes within an ace of winning.

Gossip is always short lived unless it is properly ventilated.

It's never too hot in summer or too cold in winter for the ice man.

[illegible] are naturally credulous when their portraits flatter them.

[illegible] heard of husbands and wives quarrelling about which loved the other most.

[illegible] never gets tired of [illegible] flying people who imagine they are prize beauties.

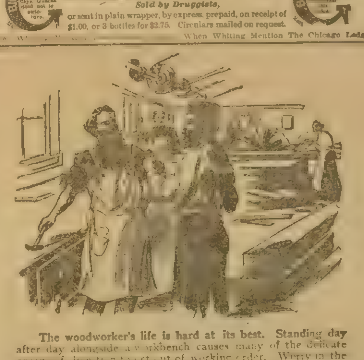
FOR MEN ONLY.

Free Trial Package of This New Discovery Mailed to Every Man Sending Name and Address—Quickly Restores Strength and Vigor.

Free trial packages of a most remarkable remedy are being mailed to all who will write the State Medical Institute. They cured so many men who had battled for years against the mental and physical suffering of lost manhood that the institute has decided to distribute free trial packages to all who write. It is a home treatment and all men who suffer with any form of sexual weakness [illegible] folly, premature loss of strength and memory, weak back, varicocele, or emaciation of parts [illegible] The [illegible] of warmth and seems to act direct to the desired location giving strength and development just where it is needed. It cures all the ills and troubles that come from years of misuse of the natural functions and has been an absolute success in all cases. A request to the State Medical Institute, [illegible] First National Bank Building, Ft. Wayne, Ind., stating that you desire one of their free trial package will be complied with promptly. The Institute is desirous of reaching that great class of men who are unable to leave home to be treated and the [illegible] them to see how easy it is to be cured of sexual weakness when the proper remedies are employed. The Institute makes no restrictions. Any [illegible] be sent a free sample, [illegible] package so that [illegible] fear of embarrassment [illegible] are requested [illegible]

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH, RED CROSS DIAMOND BRAND
PENNYROYAL PILLS
THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. The only Safe, Sure [illegible]
Ladies, ask Druggist for Chichester's English [illegible] Red [illegible] boxes sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other kind. [illegible] All pills in pasteboard boxes, pink wrappers, are dangerous counterfeits. [illegible] 4c. in stamps for particulars, [illegible] "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Name Paper. Sold by all Local Druggists.
CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., 2615 Madison Sq., PHILADELPHIA, PA.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

BIG G is a non-poisonous remedy for Gonorrhœa, [illegible] discharges or [illegible]
Sold by Druggists,
or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, on receipt of $1.00, or 3 bottles for $2.75. Circulars mailed on request.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.



The woodworker's life is hard at its best. Standing day after day alongside a workbench causes many of the delicate organs of digestion to get out of working order. Worry in the workshop six days in the week is very apt to carry over on Sunday also. Headache does not stop when the day's work is done, but spoils the pleasure of the leisure hours as well. A workman in the Burlington Venetian Blind Co.'s employ says: "Ripans Tabules first came to my notice when the engineer sent for me one day and asked me if I had ever used them. He recommended them so highly because they had cured him of dyspepsia and other troubles, that I began to use the Tabules. I found them so good that I recommended them to others. I have had headache but once since I began to take them. Everything I eat acts well now and even a crust of bread tastes good."

A new style packet containing TEN RIPANS TABULES in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores—FOR FIVE CENTS. This low priced sort is intended for the poor and the economical. [illegible] of the five-cent cartons (120 tabules) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York—or a single carton (TEN TABULES) will be sent for five cents.

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"WHERE DIRT GATHERS, WASTE RULES."
GREAT SAVING RESULTS FROM THE USE OF
SAPOLIO

IN FIRE LAND.

A Boy's and Girl's Story--A Long Journey for Fortune--Perils by Land and Sea--A Triumph for Pluck.

BY LOUIS CHARLES.

(Copyrighted.)

SYNOPSIS

Lon Vance leaves his uncle's home in the United States to join his father in search of the treasure he unearthed in Fire Land between two rascals, Max Stockmann and Jerry Badger, who want to get possession of the secret whereby Mr. Vance is getting wealthy. The men plot to get hold of Lon and hold him for a ransom. All three reach Cape Town. There Lon becomes acquainted with Stockamp and Badger, but is on his guard. While near Cape Town a storm comes up. Lon is in the rigging at the time, and is knocked overboard. He comes to the surface to find himself in a boat with Jambo, a native of Fire Land in Cane Town [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[

Moopa was there with him and he endeavored to translate to the savages what Jerry Badger was saying, but talk as he would, they paid no attention to him; they had ears only for the strange, weird sounds. Terror was fast seizing them, and it needed but a little more to make them panic stricken. This Jambo proceeded to do. When the noises reached appalling height he set forth a succession of blood-curdling shrieks that were fearful and deafening. Up and down, from side to side, across the lake and back, from roof to floor, the sounds echoed and re-echoed with terrific reverberations. Lon and Mort held their ears tightshut in sheer ear of having their tympanums burst.

The effect on the savages was ludicrous. They rolled and tumbled over each other in their haste to get away. Torches were dropped and went out. Then the savages began to yell in affright. Jerry Badger stormed and fumed, but he had lost all control of Blowa's men, who now fled precipitately from the cavern.

"Now, we must be off, boss," said Jambo, "you and your friend get in the boat and row off up the lake. I shall meet you farther on with the horses."

The two youths sprang into the boat which was a large clumsy affair, which at one time had been used for carrying ore, and slowly rowed away.

Jambo went and got the horses and mounting his own, followed the direction of the boat. In a little while he met Looma and placed her behind himself on his own horse. There was no sign of Jerry Badger or the savages.

In this manner the little party traveled for a long distance, when the edges of the lake widened out so that the waters laved the sides of the cavern, and there was no

Jambo prepares the meal.

way to go on further except by means of the boat.

In answer to Jambo's directions, the boat was brought to shore, and here, after a little trouble, the horses were got aboard and made to lie down. Then Looma and Jambo followed.

"We are safe now," said Jambo, giving the boat a strong push from the shore. "They cannot follow, boss." The horses were up forward, leaving a clear space for the rowers in the middle of the boat. There was a tiller, and this Jambo instructed Looma how to manage. The lantern was placed in the bow and shed its rays on the waters ahead. Jambo seized one of the long sweeps that were used to propel the craft, and, bidding Lon and Mort take the other, bent to his work.

The terrific strength of the giant, added to that of Lon and Mort, made the boat go through the waters at a fairly decent rate of speed. They went along thus, in comparative silence, for two hours, when Lon and Mort becoming tired with the unusual exertion, the anchor was dropped overboard, there being a slight current toward one side of the cavern, and they took advantage of the breathing spell to ask Jambo to explain the mysterious sounds that had so frightened the savages.

It was caused, Jambo told them, by a wind that blew sometimes through a long, narrow hole high up in the roof of the cavern, striking a thin ledge of serrated rock. In spite of the simple cause, they could not but acknowledge to themselves that it was truly startling in its effects.

Jambo had failed for once to redeem his promise. The horses were still under. But this was owing to the sudden appearance of Jerry Badger and the savages, so Jambo was not really to blame in the matter. He hoped, however, ere long to redeem his promise.

The sweeps were again taken up, and the swash of the water under the bow of the boat again greeted their ears.

They continued thus for another two hours, when Jambo declared a landing place should be near. Taking the lantern, after giving his sweep in charge of Lon, who, with Mort, continued to propel the boat, Jambo cast its rays about. Nothing but rock and water met his gaze. They sent on thus for another hour.

"They place has changed since I was here last," said Jambo, "I do not understand it, boss."

A feeling of dismay came over the party. To go back meant probable capture, to go on meant they knew not what. Here they were, afloat on a subterranean lake, with but little knowledge of the place, and their guide out of his reckoning. The situation was appalling. While they were debating the question as to what should be done, they heard the unmistakable thumping of an engine, and once Lon thought he saw a flash of flame.

Commanding what he had seen to his companions, he waited for the reappearance of the flash of light. A bright ruddy flame shot out over the lake a moment later and far in the distance they saw human forms.

"What is it, Jambo?" inquired Mort, with visions of sacrifices and burnings floating through his brain.

"I don't know, boss," replied the giant, with his hand placed at his brow; "this is new to me; nothing there years ago, boss."

"Let us get a little nearer, so that we can see better," put in Lon. Jambo hesitated, as though he did not wish to expose Looma, Lon and Mort to any new danger unnecessarily; but Looma said he had no fear whatever.

"Well," he said, finally, "we will go ahead slowly. Make as little noise as possible."

Carefully they approached closer to the light, but kept in the shadow. Resting on their oars at times, and looking sharp-eyed they made out indistinctly a large furnace with masses of machinery grouped closely by. Men were going back and forth with wheelbarrows loading and emptying.

"Why, there's mining going on there," cried Lon. "See, there are men with picks and shovels."

"That's so," returned Mort, "and they are all black men. That's strange."

They watched proceedings on the shore for some time with great interest. The clang of machinery was distinctly audible to them, and they wondered as to what was the nature of the work going on.

They were somewhat afraid to make a landing, not knowing, of course, who the men were.

Drawing away from shore again, they continued on their course, looking for a favorable landing place. As they went on they saw more furnaces and machinery at work. At one place they went so close in their eagerness to comprehend what was going on, that they distinctly heard the blows of hammers in the hands of men who were repairing some machinery.

Continuing their course on the lake, at a length of a landing, they passed perhaps a mile of furnaces, milling machinery, and so forth, in full blast.

It was a veritable mining town on the shores of the subterranean lake that they beheld.

Once they caught a glimpse of an engine coming back and forth with ore-laden drilling cars, the little party of explorers watching it as they saw, and Jambo declared he was completely at sea in regard to the matter. He knew there were valuable mines in the mountains, but he had never heard of any operated or worked in so extensive a manner. At last they came to a place where there were several arches of lights and in their midst were several small houses of neat design, the whole surface being lighted up as numerous are lamps, making the place as bright as day.

Pausing at this point, Jambo's decision could only accompany the presence of white men, and Jerry Badger were determined to risk their chances in landing.

This stirring story of adventure will be continued in next week's Ledger.

Wail of an Arkansas Editor.

An Arkansaw editor who read that a lady in New York "kneads bread with her gloves on," remarks: "We need bread with our pants on; we need bread with our boots on; and if our subscribers who are in arrears don't soon pay up we shall need bread without anything on."

Babies With Bleached Hair.

Bleached blondes of 5 years and up are becoming common in New York—so common, in fact, that medical men have begun to talk about the matter and inveigh against the abominable practice. One of these physicians is quoted as follows:

"If I were going to inaugurate a reform in this city I should begin with certain swell matrons who are instilling into their children the germs of physical and moral ailments. I refer to those mothers who are bleaching the hair of little children, hardly more than infants in arms. Wherever one may turn in New York the disagreeable contemplation of artificially colored hair on the heads of innocent tots is forced on him, and the increase of the bleaching is really alarming, for it is nothing less than the harbinger of bodily and moral infirmities.

"In the first place, the bleaching of children's hair is almost certain to result in diseases of various sorts. In the second place, it is mean as a deception, which, sanctioned by maternal authority, the only law of right known to the child, must convince the tot that it is right to deceive, and so prepares the way for a long list of moral offenses which spring from duplicity. If the sense of right and honesty is not sufficiently strong in a woman to prevent her inculcating such pernicious principles in the heart of her children, then there should be some legislative enactment to protect them.

"In an hour's walk in Broadway you will pass at least half a dozen little people who are just in the wane of babyhood and whose naturally black or brown hair has been bleached to a sickly, dirty, lifeless yellow. So far from contributing to the physical beauty of the child, it is a detraction and must provoke the protests and approbrium of all right-thinking persons."

Million Spanish Women as Laborers

Nearly 1,000,000 women in Spain work in the field as day laborers; 250,000 women are registered as day servants—that is, they work for their food and lodging. There is no such class anywhere else.

His Idea.

Druggist—Yes, prescriptions are proverbially hard to read.

Tried—But, I suppose, when you can't read them you just make up something that can't do any harm."

FAT — CORPUS LEAN — MADE — ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS. — LEAN

Will reduce weight of 10 to 15 lbs. per week without injury to health. Send for circular. Sold by druggists.

L. E. MARCH & Co.,
8510 Madison St., Philada., Pa.

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FREE PACKAGE OF SAMPLES

I desire a boy agent in every town in the U. S. and Canada having a population of 100 or over, and will send him a Big Package of Samples to distribute FREE, after which he will have no trouble in selling goods. I pay $3 per day, and $1 for each new agent he secures to work under him. Should be honest in advance for anything. We have over 20,000 agents now making their spending money and in many cases their clothes the year around. You can quickly earn a handsome amount. You can do it at home. No capital needed. I will furnish everything if you've a little time, and divide the cash receipts with you. No trades or premiums or prizes—straight cash. Your time makes do all the work. The samples we send are used in every family as free samples in the home will obtain them so they will want to buy regularly, and we give you the agency so you can supply them right along. Just a postal card will do—write it now. Don't delay. Many agents make $5 to $10 per day. Some of our agents sell all their samples at once, and are entitled to keep the money all for themselves. After they distribute or sell one half of their samples, they keep 40 per cent. of all the money they take in. Any boy can make at least 30 Cents an Hour while actually working. We deliver everything free at your post office.

I have not told you what you are to handle and I am not going to. If we have confidence enough in you to send you what we have to sell without knowing you or asking you for any deposit, you must certainly know we have a good seller. Sometimes boys say "Oh, I can't do much." Others say "I'll try." Now, we don't want any boy to write us unless he means to do something for himself right away. I know that if you do send us a full and fair trial you'll make a big success, because 97,000 boys from 8 to 20 years of age are making big money every week.

CUT THIS OUT.

MR. C. J. JONES, Chicago, Ill.:

Please send me Samples as per advertisement. I am.....years old. Our town has.....population. I agree to distribute samples to be sent me, and accept agency and keep 40 per cent. of all cash taken in for my share.

My Name.....

Town.....State.....

With first lot of samples I will send you full instructions for agents, blanks, return envelopes etc., etc. We only appoint one agent in each town. You can write us to-day, or have some other boy may see this and answer first. Send in a plainly addressed envelope the blank you cut out, and you will hear from us at once. Address

CHARLES J. JONES, Manager, Department A, 112 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill

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PRINTING PRESS AND OUTFIT 88c

THE BEST LOW-PRICED PRESS ON THE MARKET. ALL THE LATE IMPROVEMENTS INCLUDING REMOVABLE CHASE .....

The Star Printing Press and Outfit

Consists of one Improved Printing Press which has a removable chase, the ink distributed over three inking rollers, and is supplied with the largest size of type. The type is of the latest style, accurately arranged and has a cover to make it dust proof. The outfit also contains

TWO PACKAGES OF CARDS OF VARIOUS COLORS, ONE BOX OF GOLD BRONZE, ONE BOX OF SILVER BRONZE, ONE CAN OF INK, ONE PAIR OF TYPE TWEEZERS, ONE SET OF INSTRUCTIONS, ONE TYPE LIST.

The whole outfit is neatly packed in a wooden box. The Star Printing Press is the handy thing of low priced machinery that is guaranteed according to the law. It is strictly in accordance with the scientific principles and 19 years' experience of the manufacturers. It is simple in construction, easily understood, and will do anything that can be done by any printing machinery costing ten times as much. It is a wonderful help in spelling—a printer is always a good speller. In fact we hardly know of anything that is more instructive for a boy or a girl in the home.

In order that everyone may take advantage of this offer we will send BOYCE'S MONTHLY for One Year and the Complete Outfit to any address upon receipt of 88 cents, the receiver to pay express charges on the Outfit. Ten Boxes to go by mail. Don't miss this glorious offer. Address

BOYCE'S MONTHLY, BOYCE BUILDING, CHICAGO.

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THE KITCHEN AND TABLE

Helpful Hints.

To Prevent Drain Pipes From Stopping.—Pour a hot solution of potash down the pipe every month or two.

To Prevent the Unpleasant Odor of Paint.—A fresh cut onion left in a room newly painted will prevent greatly the offensive odor of the paint.

Pie dishes are very liable to crack after being used for milk puddings if washed in the usual way. To prevent this the dish should be soaked in cold water for a short time before being washed in hot water. To remove any stain rub well with a little wet kitchen salt, then rinse in clean water.

To Remove Discoloration Caused by Bruises.—If the eye or any other part be blackened by a fall or a blow, apply a cloth wrung out of very warm water and renew it until the pain ceases. The moisture and heat liquefy the blood and send it back to its proper channel. Use warm water or hot, but never cold water, for a bruise.

To Prevent Moths in Woolens and Furs.—Saturate bits of thick flannel with oil of turpentine. Wrap these up separately in clean woolen or cotton cloths to prevent the oil from damaging the articles with which they are placed. Three or four pieces of this flannel placed among your clothes or furs in a box or drawer will prevent them from moths for six or eight months.

Care of Beds.—Feather beds should be shaken every day and turned. Let the bedroom window be wide open while you perform this operation. Open mattresses also every day.

To Clean Gold Ornaments.—Wash in warm soap and water. Put the articles while wet in a bag of bran and rub them well (make gentlemen dry). They will look almost like new. Boxwood sawdust is the best.

To Make Teeth White.—A mixture of honey with the finely powdered charcoal will prove an admirable cleanser. Stir the charcoal into the honey until it is as thick as batter. One application cleanses the teeth, but purifies the breath.

To Varnish Hat of Black Straw Hats.—Cut up finely some red or black sealing wax (whichever color is required), and put into it enough methylated spirit to dissolve the wax. With a soft brush paint the hat with the mixture, and the straw will look like new. Brown or blue wax can also be used in the same way.

Quaker Pudding.—Shake a quart of cream, and, when coaling, stir in four well beaten eggs, a full tablespoonful of sifted flour, a sufficiency of grated lemon peel, and half the same of sugar. Tie up closely in a buttered cloth, but not too tightly, as it will, when boiling, swell to nearly double its bulk. Serve with melted butter, wine sauce and sifted sugar. The pudding should be carefully removed from the cloth to prevent it breaking.

Watering Gardens and Outdoor Plants.—The best time for watering plants and flower beds is soon after sunrise. If watered in the evening the roots are chilled, and the plants checked in their growth.

To Renovate Leather Chairs, Bags, etc.—To restore the color to worn leather and renew its moisture and kinds of leather apply lightly with a soft rag a few drops of oil.

A good way of cleaning oilcloth is to sponge it well with skim milk, as it is safe and preserves the color.

To keep lemons, try threading them on a string. Make the string in the most airy place, but remember the lemons must not touch each other.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Helps for Wash Day.

Washing is usually the hardest part of women's work, and everything that tends to make it easier should be given a thorough trial. Many of us are not so fortunate as to have a washroom with all the modern conveniences, but must do the washing in the kitchen. A closet in one corner is easily constructed, and is a very convenient place for keeping soap, starch, blueing, wringer, clothesline, clothes pins, and other things that are needed for the week's work, which will be out of the way when not needed. Another tub should be kept in the closet, or some place where they will not get too dry, for galvanized tubs are not to be trusted in the closet.

A soap that will save half the labor of washing is made by dissolving two bars or any good soap shaved fine, in a quart of boiling water, and adding a heaping tablespoonful of powdered borax to it. After it is taken from the stove and chilled it will add half a cupful of cool oil, stirring briskly until it is well mixed. Keep it in a jar that is covered closely. When you are ready to wash, let the white clothes soak in clear water all night. In the morning pass them through the wringer, rub a little of this soap on the dirty places, and put them in to boil fifteen minutes. Take them out in the machine and wash them through one water. The borax removes the dirt with very little effort, and does not injure the clothes as lye or sal soda is almost sure to do. Rinse them through two waters, having a little blueing in the second. Colored clothes are washed in the usual way, rubbing them in the water where the white clothes were washed, after warming it with water from the boiler, and using enough of the soap on them to get them clean.

If you have an attic in your house, put a clothesline up in it and when the weather is very cold and stormy, hang the clothes there. The change from the hot kitchen to the cold winter wind is too great, and the housewife endangers her life by exposing herself to it. Another point to be considered is the wear of garments that are frozen stiff and left to blow in the wind several hours.

Wash the clothes pins frequently. Nothing is more trying than to have grimy marks made upon clothes that are otherwise spotless.

If the water you wish to use is hard, put enough borax in it to soften it, and it will be as good as rain water. If the water is soft, but not clear, put a tablespoonful of alum that has been dissolved in a little water, in half a barrelful. If this is done the evening before the washing is done, the dirt will settle to the bottom, leaving the water clear.

Wafer Puddings and Pop-Overs.

Wafer puddings are made by placing one gill of milk in a double boiler. When hot add a quarter of a pound of butter, stir until melted; add hastily half a pint of sifted pastry flour, stir until you have a smooth dough; take from the fire, and when lukewarm add five eggs well beaten. Beat the mixture continuously for ten minutes, then cover and stand in a warm place for an hour. Put a tablespoonful into greased, but gem-pans, and bake in a moderately quick oven for forty minutes. This quantity most delicious served very hot with a liquid pudding sauce.

To make pop-overs, beat two eggs without separating and add to them half a pint of milk. Pour this carefully, stirring all the while, into half a pint of sifted flour. Strain at once to get out all the lumps, and bake in a moderately quick oven for at least half an hour. If these are sufficiently baked they will fall when taken from the oven.

To make mock charlotte, moisten four level tablespoonfuls of cornstarch in half a cup of cold milk. Add half a pint of boiling water and cook one minute; add half a cup of sugar, and cook on the fire, and pour slowly into the well-beaten whites of four eggs, beating all the while. Turn into a mould that has been rinsed with cold water, and when cold turn out. Serve with a French custard sauce made by beating the yolks of the eggs with four tablespoonfuls of sugar, adding to them one pint of scalding milk. Cook until it is the thickness of cream; then take off from the fire, and add a tablespoonful of vanilla, or any desired flavor.

Cream cornstarch pudding may be made by using the same measurements and manipulations, and pouring into a mould. This may be changed into a chocolate cream pudding by melting two squares before adding the cornstarch, two ounces of grated chocolate or coffee cream may be used instead of milk one pint of moderately strong coffee.

Shelves.

In a small house, where there is little floor room and where closets are scarce, as in store articles, the wall must be utilized instead. In a corner, put up shelves placed diagonally across, extending from the ceiling to within a foot of the floor. A child's wardrobe may be concealed here by a curtain, in the bedroom, over the bed, shelves may be placed for the bed clothes and underclothes. In the kitchen, above the work-table, a rack for holding the spices and one being used for cooking utensils and tinware, the latter, of course, kept bright, etc. Behind the stove, on the wall, put two pinolves, the lower one being covered with zinc. On the lower shelf keep the knives, forks, spoons, and other necessary articles in use when cooking. The second shelf is used to place bread on while rising, also to place hot utensils on to cooling vessels on. Above the sewing machine are shelves for the work basket, also to lay sewing on. Thus, by a little of ingenuity, the little apartments of a small house are able to have a place for everything.

Oddities of Poisoning.

The constitutions of drugs and peculiarities which exist among individuals should always be carefully watched and considered. One person can handle poison ivy with impunity, while another is poisoned if only in the vicinity of the plant, without contact. Some members of a family residing in a malarial district will suffer regularly with chills and fever, while other members will not be at all affected.

Food that is actually poisonous to some persons will not affect others at all. One person may eat all kinds of green fruit and vegetables with impunity, while another person could do so only at the risk of life. Certain kinds of fish are actually poisonous to some people and perfectly wholesome to others.

It is this peculiar condition of the system which constitutes the danger point in the individual case and which is so prudently observed by each one for himself. Intestinal derangements frequently arise from and are aggravated by certain kinds of food. Thus a person affected with kidney or liver trouble should avoid the use of white bread, since the extreme whiteness is often produced by the use of alum with an inferior article of flour, and as alum is known to be poisonous in its effects on a sound constitution, this is why alum baking powder is never used by people of judgment and knowledge.

More of earthly happiness depends upon small matters than we realize, and how little it is for this reason that the different states are one by one passing pure-food laws.

Different Fires.

Should your house ever catch fire, throw yourself on the ground and roll over and over. If possible, snatch a rug or blanket and wrap it around you. Flame mounts. It, therefore, you are standing up, the flame is sure to rise toward the face, and in the many lives have been lost because the victim, suffocated by the smoke, or the hair burned briskly and destroyed the brain below it to too great a depth. Never throw water on burning oil. Throw oil enlarges it. If in a place of amusement, if the alarm of fire is given, cry "Fire!" The rushing may create a panic, and a rush to the doors by the audience. Those in the flames for while the doors are open there is always a chance for an orderly crowd to move out. But a panic among a crowded audience and stumbling crowds disaster is inevitable. In case burning fluids, go down to the floor and crawl—all the air is on the lowest level of the room. Breathe wet towels over the lips and to the forehead.

A wet pillow slip with two holes punched for eyes and nose thrown over the head has saved many a life. It is always possible to obtain this if you will take the time. Strike by a cry of fire, provided, of course, that the house is empty. A minority will scream and that there is water in your pitcher. This wet pillow case is often of more importance than a pail of water. A fire-cry we spend precious moments in securing.

Care of Boots.

Bootmakers are often blamed without reason for the bad wearing qualities of boots. The leather has been made will not stand a long course of bad treatment. Boots which have been soaked and then put to dry before a hot fire are spoiled. Fill very wet boots with cold or bits of paper, stuffed into wads to preserve the shape of the boot, dry slowly and when they are dry treat them like new ones. Castor or any good oil will restore pliability to them when they are stiff. Soaking boots every day with oil or vaseline every week will last longer than to wear without oil. One thing to avoid is that of oiling a boot is to oil the stocking before putting on the boot. Thus you do not get a greasy mark on the foot. It will not feel sticky or greasy on the foot and one who does will be sure to oil too much. The treatment is as kind to the foot as to its covering. Boots should be kept away from the feet, straighten them, brush off all dust and set them where they will be exposed to a current of air. Two pairs of boots worn alternately will last one-third longer than two pairs worn one after the other.

Oysters a la Poulette.

Put three dozen freshly opened eastern oysters in a saucepan with about a pint of their own juice and has been carefully strained. Add one ounce of butter, half a teaspoonful of salt and the same quantity of black pepper. Cook for three minutes, gradually stirring in a half pint of Hollandaise sauce and stew for two minutes, being careful not to allow it to boil. Before removing from the range, add the yolk of an egg, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley and the juice of half a lemon. Then stir slightly and serve.

Bloomer Advice.

By Ella Parker Butler.

If their wethes lack are fate,
Maidens then may bloomers wear;
But if their ankles be not fair,
Girls should let the bloomers go.

If their feet are neat and small,
Bloomers will be bad at all;
But with number 12 feet
Bloomers are quite indiscreet.

Hostess—Pray make yourself quite at home, Mrs. Brown. (Aside.) I'm sure I wish you would.

Arraigned.

By Roy Farrell.

He plead his case with lawyer's art,
He chokingly vowed repentance,
Then rested his cause with a loving heart,
And gravely awaited sentence.

She pardoned the culprit, a woman's way,
Nor thought of his sinful lies
That men speak ever so light, each day,
At the bar of a woman's eyes.

For His Father's Sake.

Dr. C——, a well-known lecturer and preacher, was seized with a sudden inspiration to visit the village in Vermont where his father had preached long years before, and where his own boyhood's recollections centered in many a dim but cherished form. Sure of a welcome for his father's sake, he braved the lowering lasting by stage that followed a dusty railway ride, and presented himself at the door of an old parishioner as the son of his former pastor. "Well," said his host, opening the door deliberately and measuring the doctor from head to foot with a slow, investigating gaze, "glad to see you. Should be glad to see you your father's dorg."

Keeping Dogs Quiet in Japan.

When a dog barks at night in Japan the owner is arrested and sentenced to work for a year for the neighbors whose slumbers may have been disturbed.

The man who boasts he owes no man a dollar may not know of anyone who would be willing that he should owe him ten cents.

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At first it is easy to cure.
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HIS GUARDIAN ANGEL.

A Ghost That Protected a Man When Beset by Danger.

BY PERLEY POORE SHEEHAN.

"I thoroughly believe," said Thompson, as he lit a cigarette, "that inanimate objects often always, so to speak, the personality of anyone with whom they have long been in contact. I do not mean in a purely superficial, physical way, but subjectively—psychically. This is the real significance of certain hereditary traits and explains the phenomena of haunted houses."

"In what way?" I asked, with mingled incredulity and interest, drawing up a chair and lighting my cigar.

"I do not believe I could explain to you the theory of it," he said, "but with your permission I will relate a personal experience which, perhaps, may make my meaning clear."

Thompson dropped back into the depths of his big, easy chair and proceeded thus: "Seven years ago I was spending the holidays with a friend of mine—John Yarrow—down in the South. He lived in a secluded, anachronistic sort of fellow, and had taken up his abode in a lonely valley, five miles or more from the nearest railway station. His house was a sixteenth century affair—more than two hundred years old. He had bought it at an auction sale three years before, he told me, preferring a life of isolation to that of dull worry, and had come there to reside permanently. With the exception of the negro servants, of whom he had nine or ten, he lived alone.

"My stay was a inexplicable experience," continued Thompson, dreamily, "began on the day of my arrival. Yarrow had come with his carriage to greet me in person, and, not having seen each other for many months, we had a train of mutual interest to talk about. We had been conversing for a few minutes, when, suddenly, almost reached our destination, when Yarrow paused in his narration of some exciting incident and looked at me with a great favorite of his an ancient beech tree growing along the road we were ahead.

"So engrossed was I in our conversation up to this point that I gave slight attention to our whereabouts as we drove along. But with the first glance at that tree and at the country to the right and left of the road we were following"—here Thompson straightened up and fixed me with his eyes —"I became conscious of a faint and subtle but unaccountable sense of familiarity with my surroundings. At first the feeling was so exceedingly delicate that it almost escaped me, but the more I thought about me the stronger it grew. Even that particular gnarled and twisted beech, with its dim and eerie, spectral fashion, had a place somewhere, somehow, in my memory.

Thompson again relapsed into his chair and was silent for several seconds. Then he said: "I am sure you will think that was the first time I had ever been in the state. So far as I was aware, I had never seen any pictures or even read a description of this valley in which Yarrow had asked me to spend my holidays. It is a fact, though, which I can vouch for at your own appraisement, that ever since my ancestors came to this country, long ago, their home, without a break, was up to my father's time, had been in Maryland.

"At first I was inclined to treat the experience as a mere chimera of a rather too imaginative brain, but nothing about it to Yarrow and did my best to divert my thoughts in other channels. But, try as I would, that weird, fantastic sense of acquaintanceship clung to me all during the drive, and when we came to a halt before to startle me, almost, when we entered the wide front door of the old colonial house. That night the whole thing was brought to such a striking climax I shall never forget it.

"Yarrow had given me his room to sleep in and had taken up his quarters elsewhere. It was a beautiful moonlight night. After extinguishing the light I stood by the window almost half an hour looking out upon the dimly-penciled landscape and pondering the mystery and suggestion of it. Then I retired, and soon was sound asleep.

"How long I slept I do not know, but suddenly my eyes were open and I was wide awake. I felt a current of air upon me, and with the quick intuition of danger present, I looked through the window. There, sitting astride the window-sill, with his face in my direction and sharply silhouetted against the moonlight, was the figure, tensely crouching form of a negro. Now, although I am totally lacking in cowardice, I hope, I nevertheless am extremely susceptible to the sensation of fear.

"But on this occasion, to my utter astonishment, I regarded that silent, evil form without the slightest trace of absolute uneasiern. I noted its every detail. Even as I watched it seemed to grow me such a feeling of peace and comfort and absolute safety as I seldom have known. The negro seemed not to have become aware that my eyes became more accustomed to the light, I noticed for the first time that he was not looking at me, but over me—at something on the other side of the bed. And with his sensation of fear, and actuated more by a gentle curiosity than by any real interest, I turned my head in the direction and saw—I must have seen—that which he had seen, and which held him in the grip of his life, motionless, petrified."

Thompson's sparkle of fire in Thompson's eyes as he spoke; his face was animated and keen, the stamp of earnestness and truth. His voice was low, but almost quivering with intensity. If I had doubted the veracity of his utterance at first, the doubts long since had fled.

"What I saw," said Thompson, "was the spectral resemblance of one of the most beautiful women I ever expect to see in life or death. Her eyes, gentle and filled with a mild reproach, were fixed upon the form in the window. She was also motionless. She stood not ten feet away, quaintly clad in the style of another century. Her face was one of supernal sweetness and touched with a shade of sorrow. It reminded me of my mother's. All sense of place and time was lost as I gazed, and then an irresistible drowsiness crept over my mind and I slept.

"No evidence of the presence of my voiceless callers could I find next morning save the open window. And although I told Yarrow nothing of my adventure, he mentioned quite casually at the breakfast table that a negro gardener whom he had discharged for insolence a few days before had been seen about the place the previous evening in a dangerous mood. He cautioned me not to go about the country unarmed. But that day, for some reason I cannot say, a peremptory telegram from headquarters cut my visit short and home me scurrying back to the city.

"For many days the face of the beautiful being that had shielded me from harm that night, in fact all the weird incidents of my brief visit to Yarrow's house, crowded all else from my mind. The face especially haunted me by waking hours and abode in my every dream when I slept. I often wondered if I should ever know the reincarnation of its original possessor.

"It came to me last October to see my family," said Thompson, so abruptly I thought his story ended, "and one rainy afternoon, a number of days I went up to the attic for a look at the contents of several aged trunks. A portion of them had died in Maryland recently, she told me, and the remainder had been inherited of me. Their contents represented the windfalls of the family tree for many generations.

"I opened the first box apparently that interested me, while mother, kneeling by trunk directly opposite me, with her eyes kept up a running conversation. Suddenly she interrupted herself with a prolonged sigh of pleasure and surprise.

"'George,' she cried, 'just come here and see what a beautiful old mammy looked like see what a beautiful old mammy looked like when she was a girl. Here's a dear little ruffled and bandanna head dress, and it's perfectly beautiful.'

"I closed the book with a sigh and obeyed. Fully three seconds elapsed while I looked at the face of the lovely eyes that met mine. Then, with some sort of an inner outburst about spirits and recognition and a lot of other rot, I seized the bit of ivory in a tumult of joy and bore it to the window. Even then, I was half afraid to look at Yarrow's—the face"—and Thompson's voice sank low—"of my guardian angel."

WAIL OF A "STAY-AT-HOME."

By H. R. Romans.

Oh, would I were a soldier
And wore a uniform!
For then I'd be eligible
To join the women's crew.

Since Hobson started on his tour
Of kissing ev'ry girl
The thing is quite too popular
As to set their brains awhirl.

Course they'll have to kiss ev'ry one,
Of that they are aware,
So they'll have to make the soldier
And kiss him then and there.

No matter if he wears a ship,
Nor heard a cannon roar;
He's good to kiss a thousand girls
With forty maids or more.

That is why I am sad at heart
And feel so blue and sore;
For I'm not qualified to be
"Lou" Hobson's kissing crew.

Miscellaneous.

A newspaper is a useful thing to rub with; it absorbs the grease and polishes at the same time.

A slice raw tomato left over may be peeled, cut into quarters, and used as a garnish for cold meat dishes.

The half cup of peas left from today's dinner may be used for breakfast omelet, and thus convert a plain omelet into a sightly one.

Water in which rice is boiled should be put away to mix with milk for the children, or may be added to starch when ironing.

In order to remove paint from windows, take strong solution of soda and dissolve in it hot water. Wash the glass with this, and in twenty minutes wash in hot hour give it a good polish with a dry cloth.

Broken china may be mended, if not broken into small pieces, with a thick solution of gum arabic, and stirring into it burned or powdered chalk until of a proper consistency. Apply it with a brush to the broken edges and press together carefully. Let dry, and, of course, dry before using.

All canned goods should be opened several hours, if possible, before they are used. This gives the air a chance to circulate and takes away the rather flat taste they are apt to have. Housekeepers do not allow vegetables and fruits to stand during this process, as the air is bound to get in but have them turned out immediately into a dry earthen jar.

To clean and polish old furniture, make a mixture of a quart of old beer or ale, and with a handful of common salt and a tablespoonful of muriatic acid, and boil it for fifteen minutes. Let it get cool and warm it when wanted for use. Wash the furniture well in this mixture, and rub it dry, so as to remove all the dirt, then afterward wash it over with the mixture. Then polish with a soft flannel rag.

Silk stockings should be washed and rinsed in tepid water and wrung between towels. Woolen and silk underwear should be washed in the same water in which a little ammonia has been added. The latter will not require soak for a quarter of an hour in this preparation before being rubbed between the hands, rinsed in clear tepid water, and hang to dry with great care, pulling out all wrinkles, smoothing the seams, and shaping them.

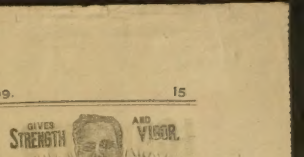
To keep hair brushes in good condition proceed in the following manner: Have two dishes which contain, say, a quart of water, add a dessert spoonful of ammonia. Now take the brushes one by one, and keep dipping the bristles up and down in the water (being careful not to wet the backs), and in a minute or two the dirt and dust will come out of them as if by magic. Now dip up and down several times in the second dish containing the clear water to rinse them, shake well, and place to drain across a rack or towel horse. No soap is needed, and no rubbing with the hands.

Way to Kill Mosquitoes.—Two and one-half hours are required for a mosquito to develop from its first stage, a speck resembling cholera bacteria, to its active and venomous maturity. The insect in all its phases may be instantly killed by contact with minute quantities of permanganate of potassium. It is claimed that one part of this substance in 1,500 of solution distributed on mosquito marshes will render the development of larvae impossible: that a handful of permanganate will purify a ten-acre swamp, kill its embryo insects, and keep it free from organic matter for thirty days at a cost of about one cent per acre; that with care a whole state may be kept free of insects at a small cost. An efficacious method is to scatter a few crystals widely apart. A single piece of permanganate has killed off all the germs in a thousand-gallon tank. —The Public Health Journal.

Comprehensive Advice.

The editor (a colored man) of the Southwestern Christian Advocate, in a recent issue of that paper, gives some sensible "Advice to Young Men." Among other things, he says:

"Don't drink! Don't chew! Don't smoke! Don't swear! Don't deceive! Don't read novels! Don't marry until you can support a wife! Be in earnest! Be self-reliant! Be generous! Be brave! Read the papers and advertise your business! Make money and do good with it! Love God and fellow men! Love truth and virtue! Love your country and obey the laws! If this advice be virtually followed by the young men of the country, the millennium is at hand."



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No. 5.

No. 6.

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Badinage and Bracers.

The Only Recourse.

The old-fashioned Texan had by some strange apportioning of fate been put in a room with a divinity student from an eastern college, and they soon established a conversational footing. Before they slept the talk turned upon the customs and morals of Texas, so exemplified in lynching, the young man arguing against it. "Go while, you don't reckon we oughtn't to hang a hoss thief, do you?" "Most assuredly not." "But what ought we to do with him? Not let him git hoss?" "Let the law take its course." "Mebbe it'll miss fire and the cowards git away." "That is not your fault. If the law says he is guiltless you must accept the decision and forgive the sinner." "There ain't no authority for that, is there?" "The Bible." "That's nothin' that that covers the ground." "Oh, yes, my friend," said the student, warming up in his zeal; "even the thief on the cross was forgiven." "Aw here, young fellow," the Texan exclaimed, in astone of expostulation, "that wasn't no hoss thief."

High Lights.

Tell me what you wanted for Christmas and I will tell you what you are.

Only the perfect man has a right to expect the perfect woman to marry him.

Some people think the world is getting worse because they have learned more badness.

"Good will to man" must include the bill collector and the people who won't pay us.

A humorist is a sad man who has corns.

A DOWNFALL

He Was Paid in Full.

"But, man," expostulated the old Presbyterian elder, hotly, "is that not a veery heavy fee you've charged me?"

"Surely not, when you consider that I saved your life."

"But why sae much for keeping a man out o' heaven?"

"Well, to tell you the truth," responded the doctor, coolly, "I didn't know where you were going."

A Curiosity.

"My friend," said the visitor at the dime museum to one of the exhibits, "as a fat man you are a rank failure. I have seen many a fatter man than you running at large."

"But do you thoroughly understand," asked the curiosity, "that I acquired all this fatness in a military camp during the Hispano-American war?"—Life.

Convincing.

Customer—Really, now, are those eggs fresh?

Grocer—Madam, if you will kindly step to the telephone and call up our farm, you can hear the hens that laid those eggs still cackling.

Next Thing to It.

"Your husband doesn't smoke, Mrs. Price?"

"No, but he sometimes fumes."

Quite Naturally.

She—On what grounds do you propose to obtain your divorce?

He—On Dakota grounds.

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WANTED young men to learn barber trade; only 8 weeks required; graduates assisted; position secured; catalog free. Walker Barber College, Chicago.

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SEND $1 for a stylish 41 Dollar or Perfect Fit, Medium Height, Weight, Age, size. Established 1876. Fashion Bazar, 97 E. 125 St., New York City.

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ABSOLUTELY SURE $100 PER MONTH for man with rig to introduce poultry compound. Spare or whole time. Exclusive territory. Permanent position. National Silver Co., Cincinnati, O.

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BOYS' Paper Free.

If you will send us the names of ten boys between the ages of 10 and 16 years, who live in your neighborhood, we will send you a copy of the Boys' Paper, free. Address, THE STAR, Box 839, New York City.

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USE IT FREE 30 days in your own home before paying for it. Write for our free catalogue. We sell the following Standard Machines: No. 2 Singer, $15.00; with White Star Stand, $22.00. No. 3 Singer, $17.00; with White Star Stand, $24.00. Standard Singers, No. 6, $19.50, 16.00 with Stand, $23.00. Standard Singers, No. 7, $21.00; with Stand, $25.00. Improved Singers, No. 8, $23.00; with Stand, $27.00. Improved Singers, No. 9, $25.00; with Stand, $29.00. Improved Singers, No. 10, $27.00; with Stand, $31.00. Consolidated Wholesale Supply Co., Dept. 922 S 216 S. Clinton St., Chicago, Ill.

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SOLID GOLD PEN FREE!

We HONEST PEOPLE Sell for cash or on Partners' Credit Sewing Polish among your friends and acquaintances. Send us your name and address and we will send you a Solid Gold Pen with Holder of Fine Hard to Flush Case free. Write at once. Address, DIXON CHEMICAL CO., Box 1, Jersey City, N. J. Please mention this paper. AGENTS WANTED EVERY HOUSEKEEPER. OXFORD COMPANY, 120 Clay Street, Chicago, Ill. C.

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No Money in Advance!

VIOLINS, MANDOLINS, GUITARS, BANJOS, and other musical instruments sent C. O. D. without one cent in advance. Any instrument in the world at wholesale prices to leaders. Your credit will be established at once. Write for our free catalogue. Mention instrument you desire and we will quote you prices. Address, WESTERN MUSICAL SUPPLY HOUSE, 40 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill. Dept. 1.

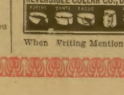
Learn Telegraphy Thorough instruction book for $1.25. Banjo $1.25 and up. Violins, Guitars, Flutes, Cornets, Trombones, Drums, etc. Send for catalogue. Buescher Band Instrument Co., Elkhart, Ind.

$25 Buys this Solid Oak Sewing Machine, with all attachments, guaranteed 20 years. Ships anywhere on 30 days free trial at factory price. Large illustrated catalogue free. Write for it. Agents wanted. Address, CHICAGO SEWING MACHINE CO., Chicago, Ill.

Write for Special 10 day offer. CASH BUYERS' UNION, 160 W. Van Buren St., Rm. 81-83 Chicago, Ill.

Reversible LINENE Collars and Cuffs.

Stylish, convenient, economical. Made of fine cloth, finished in pure starch, exactly resemble linen goods. *No Laundry Work.* When soiled discard. Ten Collars or five pairs of Cuffs, 25cts. By mail, 30cts. Send 6 cts. in stamps for sample collar and pair of cuffs. Name size and style.



REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO., Dept. Z, Boston, Mass.

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Two of a Kind.

Husband (at the breakfast table)—O, for some of the biscuits my mother use to make.

Wife (sweetly)—I'm sorry you haven't got them, dear. They would be just state enough by this time to go well with that remark.

Lonelyville Life.

Mr. Isolate of Lonelyville, after dinner, apprehensively—Have you told the new cook that I go on the 6:31 train in the morning, Amabel?

Mrs. Isolate (wearily)—Yes, Ferdinand—and she says she does, too!—Puck

A Small Boy's Scheme.

"Joey worked a game on Santa Claus."

"What was it?"

"He wrote two letters asking for two trains of cars."

"Why did he need two?"

"He wanted to have a collision."

Gone, Not Forgotten.

Sadly he carried his bicycle to the garret.

"I won't forget you for some time, old friend," he said, as he gently caressed the handlebar. "The payments will go on just the same."

A Dogless Tail.

It was the first time that little Bessie had ever seen a snake, and in writhed along she ran into the house breathless with her discovery.

"Oh, mamma, come quick!" she cried. "Here's a tail wagging without any dog."

Not Very.

Dolly—Was it a quiet spot where you kissed Mollie?

Chollie—No; it was on the mouth.